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COMMENT OF THE DAY

IPSWICH VOTE

IF there is any definite conclusion to be drawn from the Ipswich by-election it is that the Government has again lost heavily and there is no sign yet that the drift of electoral support to Labour has been checked. The figures show that the Government total has been cut by almost a third, whereas the Labour share has fallen by almost a sixth. This is consistent with other recent results though whereas in the past the reduced votes have been due to a smaller poll, in the case of Ipswich, both Labour and Conservative candidates have lost to a Liberal.

The total poll was only about 3,000 votes, below the general election figure. This shows that more than the usual number of by-election voters participated. The fact that Labour doubled its majority—from 3,500 to 7,700—was not because it won new supporters at the expense of the Conservatives, but rather that the Conservatives lost more votes to the Liberal candidate (who did not participate in the general election) than the Labour Party.

LIBERALS GAIN

Mr Dingle Foot, the Labour candidate, was incidentally a convert from the Liberal Party and one wonders what personal following he took with him to the left. A run-of-the-mill Socialist might have won a smaller total giving the Liberals a larger vote. But the Liberal Party has good reason to feel satisfied with its total of 12,537 votes which must be regarded as a very creditable performance. This vote must also encourage those Liberals who feel that their party may again emerge as a third force in British politics. There is one final observation which may or may not be applicable to other seats: it is that the Liberals gained most of their votes at the expense of the Conservative candidate (there were 9,563 fewer Tory votes and 5,508 Labour votes) and that if this trend were anything like general in the next election, now less than two years hence, it would seem that the presence of a Liberal in a three-cornered contest may make it safer for Labour in marginal seats. And as the Liberals are bound to concentrate on marginal seats, if this trend continues, Labour will have good reason to feel hopeful about its chances.



MACMILLAN: I'M VERY SATISFIED

Washington, Oct. 25. Mr Harold Macmillan said as he left Washington today that he was "very satisfied" with the results of his three days of talks with President Eisenhower.

Mr Macmillan flew to Ottawa to confer with Mr John Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, before returning to London tomorrow.

The Prime Minister jokingly side-stepped the question at a brief airport press conference designed to find out

if President Eisenhower would personally attend the Nato Council meeting in Paris in December. "I don't know if either of us is going," the Prime Minister said. "One of the things you do before going anywhere is to get invited." "If I got an invitation, I will send the President a message saying 'are you going?'" "The President then might reply 'I might, if you go along too'" The Prime Minister said the communique expressed

much, but not everything, that had been discussed. Asked why there was virtually no reference to the Middle East discussions he had with the President, the Prime Minister replied that they had discussed that area before he came to Washington and at the conference. "But in this declaration we both wanted to keep to the broad principles of co-operation," he added. "It is on this that ultimate solutions can be found."—Reuter.

WASHINGTON DECLARATION

Eisenhower And Macmillan End Talks: Communique Issued

AMERICA TO SHARE ATOMIC SECRETS

New York, Oct. 25.

President Eisenhower is to ask Congress to amend the present American law which restricts exchange of Atomic information with her Western allies.

This was announced tonight in a "joint declaration" issued after three days of talks between the President and the British Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan.

The declaration called for an enlarged Atlantic effort in scientific research and development and said Britain and America planned to discuss the idea in December with their Nato partners.

Official spokesmen, in answer to reporters' questions based on the communique said it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that the two leaders would personally attend the Nato Council meeting.

Common Purpose

In what they called a "Declaration of Common Purpose," the President and the Prime Minister said that the guiding purpose of their deliberations over the past three days had been "the determination of how best to utilise the moral, intellectual and material strength of our two nations in the performance of our full share of the tasks that will more surely and promptly bring about conditions in which peace can prosper."

The declaration said that the British and American representatives to the Nato Council meeting, which will meet in Paris in December, would "urge an enlarged Atlantic effort in scientific research and development in support of greater collective security and the expansion of current activities of the task force working in this field under the council's decision of last December."

The declaration said that President Eisenhower would request the United States Congress to amend the present atomic energy act "so that it may be necessary and desirable to permit close and fruitful collaboration of scientists and engineers of Great Britain, the United States and other friendly countries."

Special Character

The declaration said that the Nato council meeting "may perhaps be given a special character."

The two leaders said that this had been discussed in the last two days here in Washington with Mr Paul-Henri Spaak, Secretary-General of Nato.

In addition to the North Atlantic Treaty, said the declaration, the South-East Asia Treaty, the Baghdad Pact and other security arrangements constituted a strong bulwark against aggression.

There were also vitally important relationships such as the Commonwealth, the Organisation of American States in the Western Hemisphere and the individual mutual defence agreements to which the United States was a party.

Steady Increase

The declaration recognised that "especially in the less-developed countries there should be a steady and significant increase in standards of living and economic development."

The President and the Prime Minister reaffirmed their previously stated positions to aid Turkey in case she were attacked.

They also said that "the reunification of Germany by free elections is essential."

The declaration said that at the 1955 summit conference in Geneva the Soviet Union agreed to free elections in Germany.

"Continued repudiation of that agreement and continued suppression of freedom in Eastern Europe undermine international confidence and perpetuate an injustice, a folly and a danger," the declaration said.

Effective

The two leaders expressed their belief that the understanding they had reached would be increasingly effective "as they become more widespread between the free nations." "By co-ordinating the strength of all free peoples safely can be assured the danger of Communist despotism will in due course be dissipated and a just and lasting peace will be achieved."

The President and the Prime Minister said that the free nations possessed the vast assets of material and moral. In the aggregate these were far greater than those of the Communist world.

"If the free nations are steadfast, and if they utilise their resources in harmonious co-operation the totalitarian menace that now confronts them will in good time recede."

Not To Boss

As Mr Macmillan left the White House shortly after the communique had been issued, he said: "We are not allying ourselves to boss the world but to be better prepared to serve the world."

Speaking into a battery of newsreel microphones, Mr Macmillan said: "This is not a bringing-together of our two great countries for any other purpose than as trustees of freedom."

Mr Macmillan said that this was one of the two themes that underlay the declaration.

The other theme was the interdependence of the countries of the free world.

"None of us alone can do the job we have to do, but if we work together, it is well within our grasp," the Prime Minister said.—Reuter.

SAUD'S PLEA TO SYRIA

New York, Oct. 25. King Saud has appealed to the Syrian and Turkish Governments to co-operate in his efforts to relieve tension between them, it was stated today.

The Turkish delegation at the United Nations published the text of a joint Turkish-Saudi Arabian communique issued after the King's meeting yesterday with the Turkish Minister of State, Mr Fevzi Rustu Zorlu.

The communique said that Mr Zorlu expressed Turkey's agreement "to remain in close co-operation with His Majesty the King in the benevolent efforts" he would make to solve questions which had arisen between Turkey and Syria.

"His Majesty the King expressed the hope that the doubts and anxieties which have arisen between the two parties will be dispelled through the assistance and co-operation of the Turkish and Syrian Governments with the benevolent efforts which will be made by him," the communique said.

The text was issued as the General Assembly resumed debate on the Syrian-Turkish dispute after a three-day adjournment to allow King Saud time to pursue his reported offer of mediation.

Syria's Foreign Minister, Mr Salah Eddine Bishar, who is in New York at the head of his delegation, has asserted that there is no mediation and that the King's message was too vague to require acceptance or rejection from Syria.—Reuter.

Japan's Move

New York, Oct. 25. The Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr Aichihiro Fujiyama, is expected to move a formal resolution in the U.N. General Assembly next week bringing in the Mr Diefenbaker, the UN Secretary-General, as mediator in the border dispute with Turkey and Syria.

Informed sources said timing of the introduction of the resolution might depend on Syrian moves in the situation.—Reuter.

Britain's £1 Million Sale To America

London, Oct. 25. Britain has sold its first mobile oil-drilling platform for about £1 million to the Delong Corporation of America. It was announced today in London. The 3,000-ton platform for use in Southeast Asia will be entirely self-contained with air-conditioned accommodation for 30 men, its own generators, drills and mud-hoppers capable of penetrating 16,000

feet below the sea bed. It will also have a helicopter platform. The hull can be raised and lowered on four retractable legs and is designed to operate in water depths of up to 150 feet. It will be built at Southampton by Steel Structures Limited, subsidiary of the Howard Group of British engineering companies.—Reuter.

Atom Spy Found Guilty

New York, Oct. 25. Russian Colonel Rudolf Abel was today found guilty of giving American atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. He is liable to a possible death sentence. Abel was found guilty on three counts: Of having tried to obtain secrets, of having transmitted secrets and of failing to register at the Justice Department as an agent of a foreign Government. This conviction makes Abel liable to the death sentence according to the terms of the 1950 law on spying in peace time. Abel is the first foreigner to have been convicted under this law. Judge Mortimer Byers is to pass sentence on November 15.—France-Press.

Dior Funeral

Paris, Oct. 25. The body of famed French fashion designer, Christian Dior was laid in state at his home here today. Funeral rites for Dior, who died in Italy on Wednesday, aged 52, will be held in Paris on Tuesday at the Church of Saint Honoré Deylau.—France-Press.

Quads Born

New York, Oct. 25. Mrs Peter Meier, mother of four boys, gave birth at Elgin, North Dakota, today to quadruplets. The four little girls, each weighing three pounds, were reported to be doing well. They have been placed in an incubator.—France-Press.

KING SAUD TO MARRY LEBANESE GIRL?

Beirut, Oct. 25.

Persistent reports were current here today that King Saud of Saudi Arabia was planning to marry a 16-year-old cousin of Lebanese Premier, Sami Solh.

The question was discussed during the King's recent visit to Beirut, the reports said.

The Saudi sovereign was said to have offered the girl, Miss Farial Muttaz Solh, preliminary presents in accordance with Moslem custom, including the sum of \$500,000 Lebanese pounds, jewels of about the same value, and a house in Beirut worth about 1,000,000 Lebanese pounds.

Arab newspapers said the King had first noticed the girl during a visit to the Premier.—France-Press.

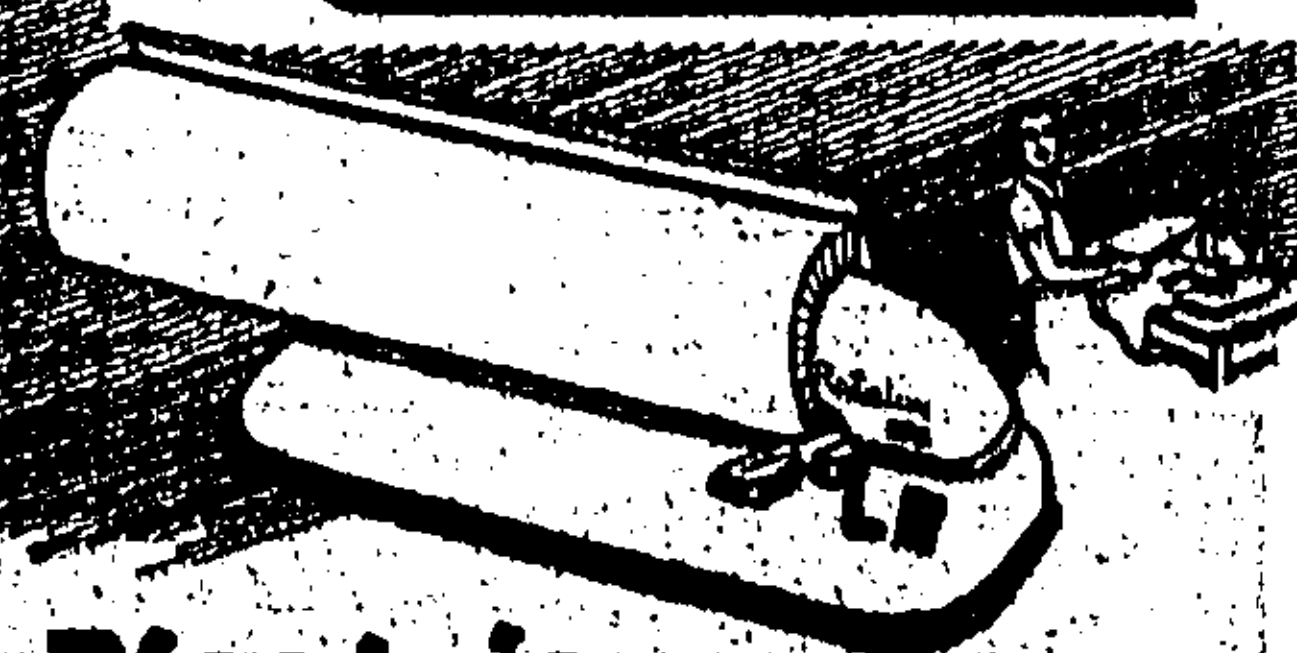
LEOPARD:

Search Continues

Police squads combed the hills near Shatin again last night in another attempt to find and destroy the leopard that was reported on Tuesday night.

The hunt was unsuccessful but it is learned that the Police will make another attempt today to find it.

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- PERFECT BALANCE.
- DOUBLE SPRUNG BRACKET
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- RED WARNING LIGHT.
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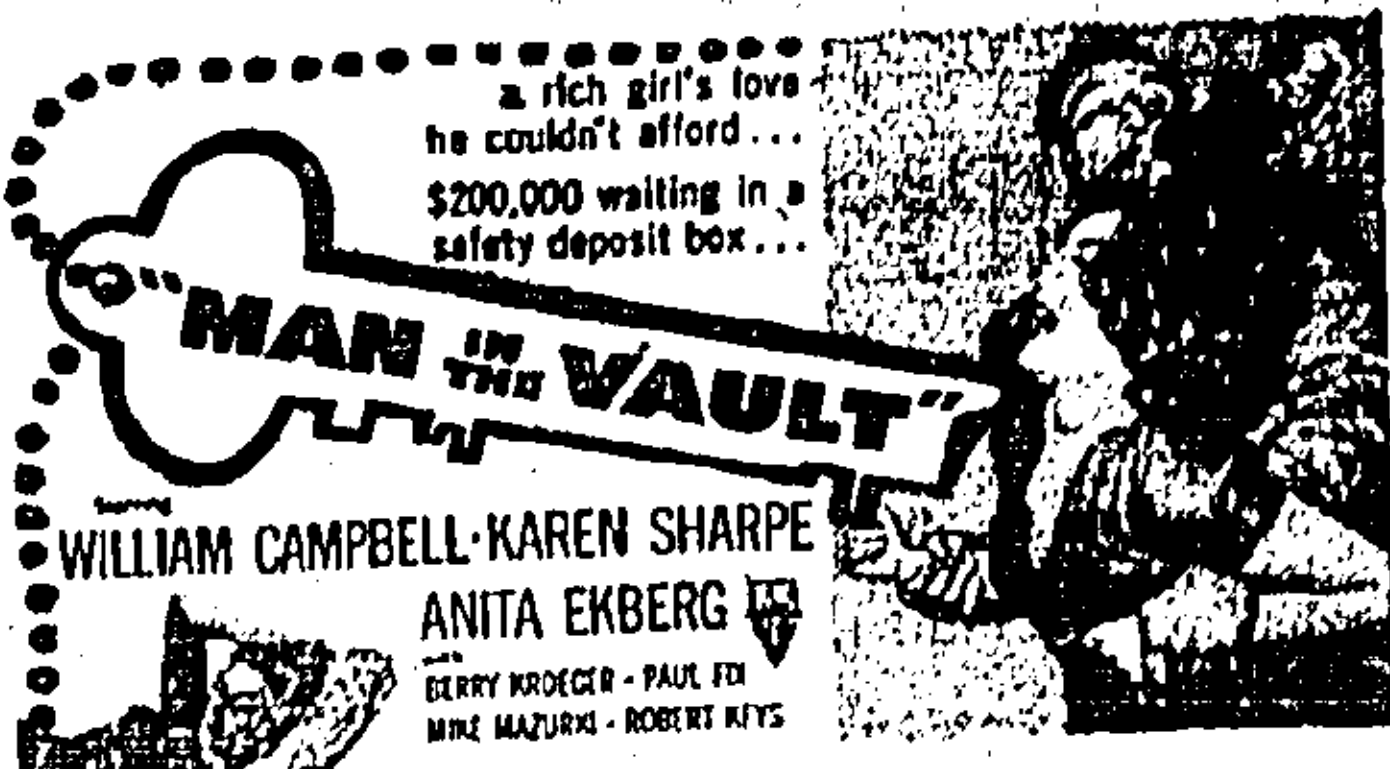
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KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. || PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M present An Entirely Different Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
with "TOM & JERRY" Etc.

At Reduced Prices

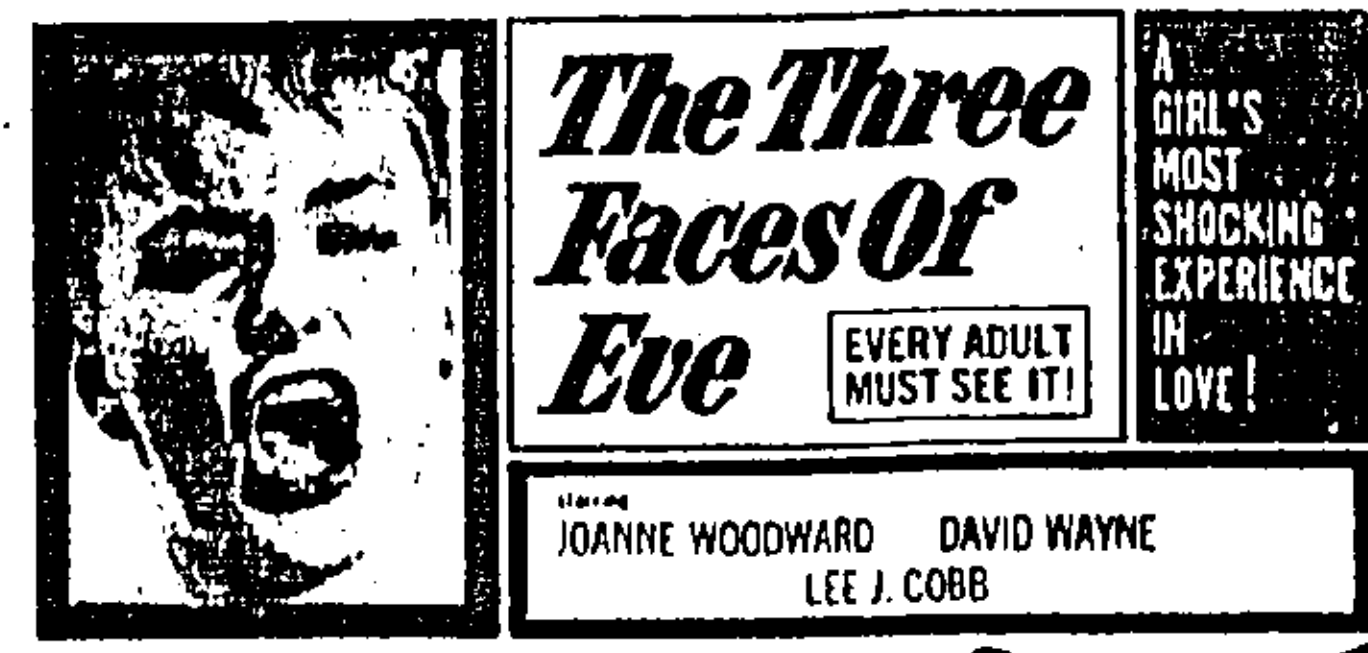
KING'S To-morrow at 12.00 Noon
SPECIAL MATINEE
A Super Musical Comedy With Lots of Laughs
Kardar Productions Ltd. present
"BAAP-RE-BAAP"
Starring KISHORE & CHAND USMANI
Directed by A.R. Kardar Music by O. P. Nayyar
Songs by Jan Nisar Akhtar

The Funniest, Most Riotous & Hilarious Film Ever!
Top Fun and Top Tunes You Can't Afford to Miss!
AT REGULAR PRICES — PLEASE BOOK EARLY

PRINCESS To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
SPECIAL MATINEE
United Artists present
Robert Mitchum • Ursula Thies • Gilbert
MITCHUM • THIES • ROLAND
in **"BANDIDO"**
in CinemaScope and Colour by De Lux
At Reduced Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.
BOLD! DARING! TRUE!



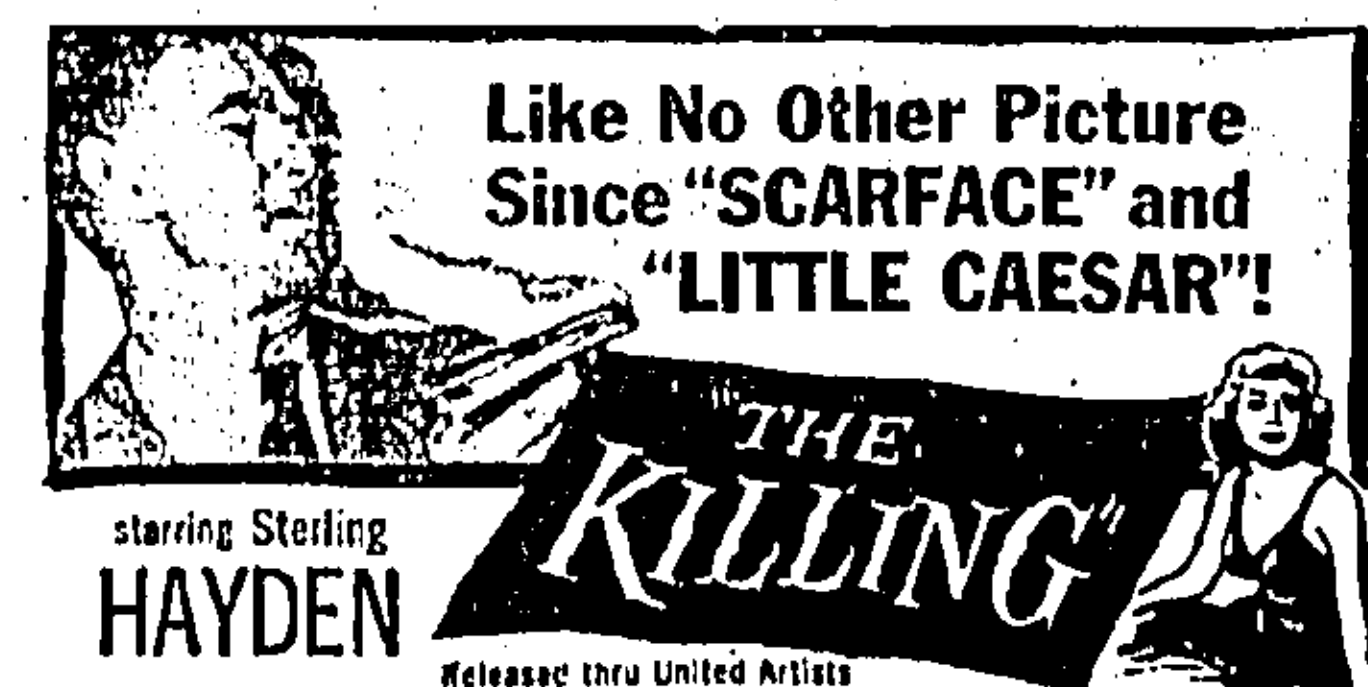
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents in CinemaScope & Color
"THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS"
Starring: Tom Ewell • Sherie NORTH
At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS — At Reduced Prices

AIR-CONDITIONED

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR Walt Disney's
CARTOONS PROGRAMME TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
"AIDA"
In Glorious Color
Starring: Sophia LOREN
Lola MAXWELL
At Reduced Prices

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

The Three Faces Of Eve

Now, what kind of film is "The Three Faces of Eve"? If you ask me, I should answer: "It is a documentary on psychiatry." I should go on to qualify that by saying it includes the more sordid scenes of this woman's "other life," to lend contrast to the contradictory characters assumed to dwell within this woman, Eve.

"The Three Faces of Eve," now showing at the Roxy and the Broadway, is introduced by Mr. Alastair Cooke, who appears on the screen to tell us that the case history of "Eve" the woman possessed, is perfectly true.

Well, what can you say to that? You either accept it or



Hazel Court throws a little light on the Monster, in Warner Bros. "The Curse of Frankenstein" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra.

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS:
"Man in the Vault"
Thriller, suspense, and Ekberg. William Campbell and Karen Sharpe.

HOOVER & LIBERTY:
The Vintage starring Mel Ferrer and Pier Anelli.

ROXY & BROADWAY:
"The Three Faces of Eve" claimed to be the true story of a woman possessed of three strange personalities. Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, and Lee J. Cobb.

STAR & METROPOLE:
"The Killing" — Furry and violence with thugery on the race-track. Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:
"The Curse of Frankenstein" — The Management asks you "Please Try Not To Paint" Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Hazel Court, and Robert Urquhart.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS:
"The Burglar" — A good suspense film, original, realistic, and daring. Dan Duryea, Jayne Mansfield, and Martha Vickers.

HOOVER & LIBERTY:
"Lisbon" — City intrigue, murder, and excitement. Ray Milland, Maureen O'Hara, Claude Rains, and Yvonne Furneaux.

ROXY & BROADWAY:
"The Sun Also Rises" — Ernest Hemingway's sophisticated drama of the "Exiles" or Americans in Europe in the twenties. Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Errol Flynn, and Eddie Albert.

STAR & METROPOLE:
"Nightmare" — A thriller, chilling, suspenseful, goose-pimpling screenplay. Edward G. Robinson, with Kevin McCarthy, and Connie Russell.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:
"Walt Disney's Double Feature, "Davy Crockett and the River Pirates" and "Man in Space" — a science-fiction featurette.

you don't. After seeing this film in which a dowdy little housewife changes in seconds before your eyes into a cheap little tart, I came to the conclusion that a group of psychiatrists, given the same case history, would arrive at different conclusions.

Personally, because the story is "true," I found it more horrifying than the advertised horror films.

In that, I am paying an unsolicited compliment to the star Joanne Woodward. You see her in the psychiatrist's consulting room tearfully telling her symptoms, she sinks her head on her breast, and then when she looks up again, she is no longer Eve White, but Eve Black.

Cheap And Gaudy
For the purposes of telling the story, Eve White is the cheap, gaudy gullivant.

You can be sure that if Twentieth Century Fox handle a film, it is well made. It is, it is terrifyingly authentic. Lee J. Cobb as the psychiatrist is amazingly good, and every bit as sceptical as he should be — and as I still am.

The other star in the film is David Wayne, a rough, unimaginative husband, altogether too uncouth for Eve.

Now although I have said I don't believe the story, I must admit that the plot revolves on absolutely orthodox lines. Once the emotional charge is released from the subconscious of Eve's mind, she is cured. It would seem to me that she had been reading Freud in her spare time, and pulling one over the psychiatrists. Her reason? To escape from her awful husband without breaking the convention of small town ethics.

Once she is free of Eve Black and Eve White, she assumes a third personality, a nice quiet girl, Jane. A perfect example of Marxian ethics, thesis, antithesis, synthesis.

This picture is bound to cause a lot of talk among thoughtful people, but seems to me not necessarily believing. Man In The Vault

Hollywood plays an "at home" match, in "The Man in the Vault," now showing at the King's and Princess, for the film is shot against the background of present-day Hollywood.

The suspense angle has William Campbell, a young looksmith, trapped between the law and a ring of brutal killers, when he is forced to make a set of keys for a safety deposit box containing \$200,000 in cash.

The thriller department comes up with its big stuff when Campbell finds himself trapped in the vault while making duplicate keys to the safety deposit box.

"Lisbon" coming to the Hoover and Liberty is a thriller dealing with international smuggling. The film is actually taken in Lisbon, and as it is in colour, is quite spectacular.

The story gets off to a swift pace, and revolves around a millionaire tycoon who has been held incommunicado by the Reds for two years. His wife, Maureen O'Hara, is anxious to have him murdered so that she may realise his fortune. That is the basis of the plot.

The master-mind behind the murder scheme is Claude Rains, who enlists the services of a competitor smuggler, Ray Milland, a Boston sea captain. His purpose is two-fold. He will not only eliminate Milland, who is trespassing on his smuggling grounds, but will also accomplish the murder plans for a substantial part of the millionaire's fortune, in association with Maureen O'Hara.

Milland, who also directed "Lisbon," uses all the suspense tricks to bring the story to a terrific climax. Sea chases, desperate flights through narrow streets of Lisbon, and the usual triangle this time adjusted to Milland at the apex, and Misses O'Hara and Furneaux at the base.

Milland is marked for assassination by Ray, but in a climax he turns the tables on his sadistic rival and thwarts the plan for murdering the millionaire. Instead he rescues the prisoner and is able to supply evidence which brings Rains to justice. At the same time the romantic angle is bent out of shape to give the story an element of surprise.

Verdict: You have a star cast, you have good supporting players, the film is shot in colour and a new wide screen process called Naturama, but somehow, it never quite comes off. The climax is never quite so sensational as the work up to the climax promises. A good average plot, but better filmed and directed than most.

The Killing
I am always giving you my uninvited opinion, so here I come again to tell you that I think "The Killing" now showing at the Star and Metropole, owes its inspira-

tion to Al Capone's private massacre, which was recorded in Chicago during the twenties as the St Valentine's Day Massacre.

On that occasion, some killers trapped a rival gang in a garage, and sprayed them with machine-gun bullets. Such was the press then, and might be now for all I know, that pictures of the killing appeared in the "yellow press."

"The Killing" has a different incident, race-course thugery, not booze, but the essential wiping out is pretty much the same.

Violence

I don't even try to criticise such pictures. If you like violence, if you like seeing bloodstained bodies piled up, here is your picture.

Sterling Hayden plays the role of the master-mind in a "make-a-pile-quickly" gang. The gangsters are Jay C. Flippen, an ex-alcoholic book-keeper who finances the operation; Ellisha Cook, a race-track cashier who has a wife always gadding him on to go after the big money. And true to the Al Capone tradition, Ted de Corsin, a policeman who has been gambling.

All the muck associated with crooked race-tracks, all the cowardly violence of small-time punks, is poured into this masterpiece of violence. My verdict: A Teddy-bey's Opera. The Curse of Frankenstein

Trusting to memory, the circumstances were as follows, Mary Shelley, and Byron were on holiday in Switzerland. During a bad spell of weather, they had a wager to see who could write the best "shocker." Mary Shelley won with "Frankenstein," whose younger brother is now on show at the Queen's and Alhambra. You will notice I follow the convention of naming the monster after his creator, Frankenstein.

The boys back home went to town on this film, but if you are making a horror film, I do not see any reason for going half-way. This film spares you nothing. You see a pair of human hands unwrapped and a gory before you. You see a gory before you. You see a pair of eyes. Last of all you see the synthetic being, a compound of all the local gibbets, mortuaries, and graveyards, disgorged and stendish, breathing its first breath of artificially acquired life.

Weak Stomach?

It is no film to see if your stomach is weak. And your last shot of the film is the gullotine rising in the grim shadows to punish the author of this horror. By that I mean Baron Frankenstein, not the producer.

Peter Cushing, who came to fame via 1984, is Baron Frankenstein, and he brings all the inspired madness of an obsessed scientist to the part. Christopher Lee is the Monster, but most of the credit should go to the make-up man, Robert Urquhart, the Baron's tutor, but I left the cinema quite unsatisfied that justice had been done in allowing Frankenstein to suffer. Urquhart, I felt, had pulled a fast one.

Hazel Court is the glamour in this otherwise sanguinary sequence. Naturally, there is the terrifying scene when the monster and Hazel are left alone in the Baronial Castle.

Do I recommend it? Yes, for what it claims to be — the most "horrible film ever made."

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

TO-DAY

QUEEN'S: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.



—ALHAMBRA—
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.
Columbia Pictures presents
"BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST"
Starring
CORNEL WILDE • ANITA LOUISE
in Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES

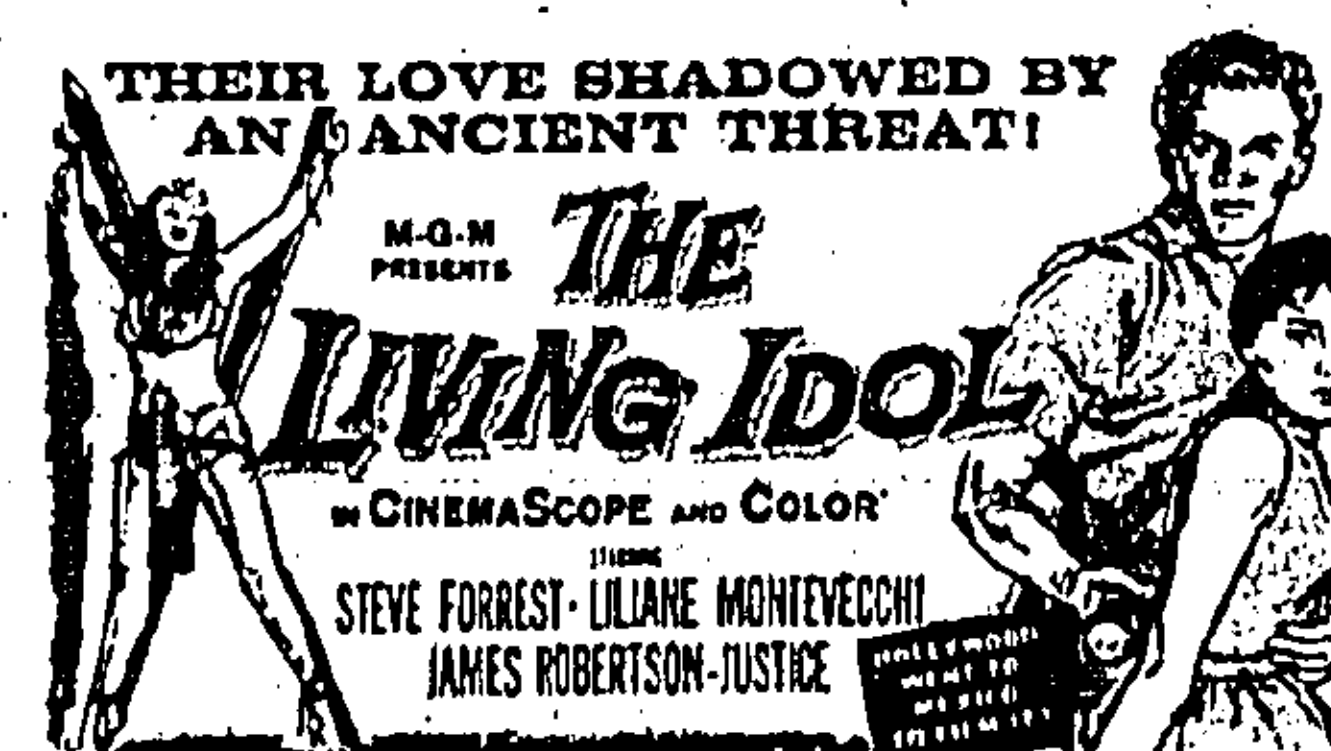
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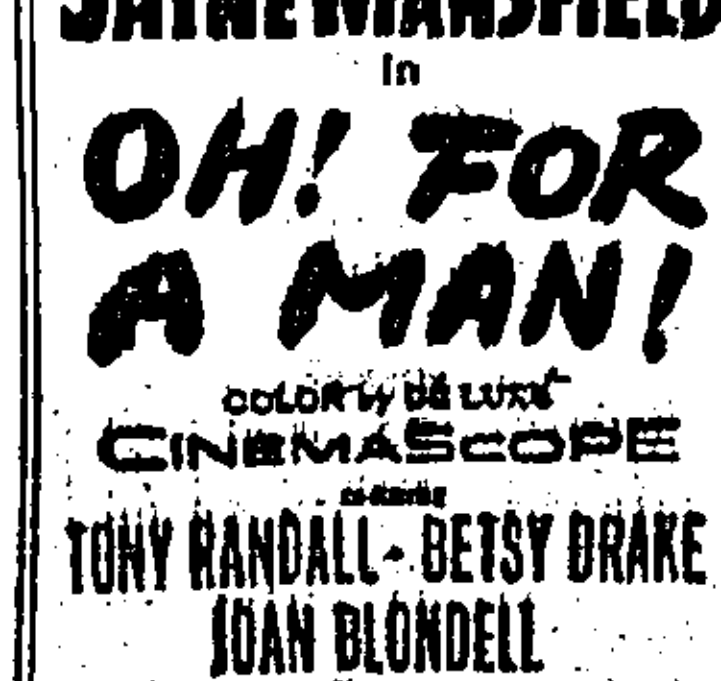
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Meeting Show To-Morrow 12.30
THE BARS OF HANDBURGH

SHOWING TO-DAY —
20th Century-Fox presents
JAYNE MANSFIELD



To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
M-G-M's
"BLACKBOARD JUNGLE"

STAGE CLUB

A CARRYING MEETING FOR
"THE MAGISTRATE"
TEXAS ORANGE
WILL BE HELD AT
BRITISH COUNCIL LIBRARY
on Monday, the 28th of October
at 8.00 p.m.
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TICKET FOR THE

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GALA FILM PREMIERE
on
Thursday, October 31st,
FROM MOUTRIES YET?



CAPITOL RITZ

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AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

A Love Story
That Will
Live For
Everyone!

Winner of 5
Academy Awards
CLIFT TAYLOR-WINTERS
George Stevens Production
A PLACE IN THE SUN
TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
CAPITOL
Tony Curtis in
"RAWHIDE YEAR"

RITZ
John Ferrer • Trevor Howard
"COCKLESHELL BRIDGE"



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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

LOVE: GIRLS GIVEN TOO MUCH ADVICE

Glasgow. SO many ideas, hints, opinions about courtship and love pour out that girls are often left breathless, uncertain—and even dazed.

Dr John Highet, lecturer in sociology in Glasgow University, said so last week. He was talking at Glasgow to the Association of Woman Advisers and Senior Woman Assistants.

Many girls found questions like these perplexing, he said. HOW far am I expected to go in granting the de-

Says Sociologist

mands of my boy friends? TODAY'S circumstances discourage early marriage, yet I am told, by people who seem to know, that that is the best thing I could do.

IF it is true that the experts are agreed that sex experience before marriage helps later adjustment in married life, why are we young people condemned if we anticipate marriage?

Dr Highet said that against this back-

ground should be viewed the fact that two out of every three first babies to brides aged 16 to 19 are conceived out of wedlock.

He said: "Perhaps in a few cases at least it would have been of direct practical help to a young woman to know that the experts are not at one on this issue of pre-marital relations."

"It may help a girl to know that most of

those who recommend 'unforced' early marriage are medical men thinking chiefly of the easier childbirth aspect but forgetting that there is so much more to the question.

"It is not simply the sexless old 'fuddy-duddies' but much more often young experts, knowing well what goes on and how it feels to be fully alive, who counsel greater efforts towards chastity and high standards of sexual morality."

This Is Why B.A. Gets No.1 Job

London. MOST of the big industrial employers nowadays are university - graduate conscious.

They favour the B.A. against the product of the technical college.

More than half the 134 management questionnaires for a Political and Economic Planning Survey published this month preferred the university man. They said:—

- 1 Students are "spoon-fed" at technical colleges; at universities they meet people and are trained to think;
- 2 The technical college man wins for the first year or so, but the graduate ultimately has the advantage.

NO HIGHBROWS

But it seems that no high-brows are wanted.

Then what are the qualities the industrialists seek?

First and foremost are: humour, ability to mix well, wide interests, tact, poise, man-of-the-worldiness.

Less frequently mentioned are: leadership, responsibility, honesty, ambition, drive.

A long way behind come common sense, logical thought, powers of expression.

The summing-up: The paramount desire is to find recruits who would "fit in," get along with the shop floor and generally be tactful. In short, GOOD MIXERS.

Teeth Wore Out Through EATING

Birmingham. Lord Mayor John Grogan complained he had attended so many civic banquets he had worn out his false teeth.

He said that although he is only mid-way through his term of office, he has attended 250 civic dinners and lunches, numerous banquets during civic visits to France and Yugoslavia, and faces another 250 dinners and lunches before his term ends.

"My dentist told me he will have to make me another set because these will never last me that long at my present rate of eating."

Grogan didn't say what was served at the banquets—United Press.

60 Men Of Eton Say Goodbye Mr Chips

London. The smell, they said, would linger in their goods, and creep into their flims.

The very shop, they said, would lower the tone of the town and attract undesirable elements.

But there was ONE voice in favour of Mr Chips. Andrew van Ons. And she's the wife of an Eton College teacher.

Said she: "As a busy housewife, I would welcome fish and chips."



Janet Haley does her homework—by footwork

POLIO GIRL WRITES THE HARD WAY

London. A LITTLE girl whose intelligence twinkles in her toes walked into class with a happy smile to start a writing lesson. Twelve-year-old Janet Haley was a schoolgirl again.

Chain Reaction

Melun. Sparks from a passing tractor set a window curtain afire near here.

The curtain fell on a bed setting it afire.

Sparks from the bed got into a chest full of linen setting it afire.

The chest set the floor on fire.

Someone threw the chest out the window and just then the floor collapsed.

Firemen said "damage was minor"—United Press.

Nude Helper

Oklahoma City. Oklahoma City Police don't mind help in directing traffic so much, but they would appreciate volunteers wearing a proper uniform.

They got help from a man who wasn't wearing anything. A nude man directed traffic at a busy intersection for about five minutes before he darted down an alley and disappeared.

—United Press.

Off came her right shoe and sock. A quick wiggle of her foot, and she was writing with the pen held in her toes.

Janet, who was stricken with polio when she was five, had won a place at Doncaster Girls' High School, in spite of being unable to use her arms.

She had been at school only three weeks when she went to hospital. When she came out after two years she taught herself to write with her feet, to paint and embroider, even to use a sewing machine.

Janet does her work using two stools—one to support her leg as she writes.

Determination

She studied hard at her home in Canterbury Road, Doncaster. A private tutor called three times a week. Now she has passed the common entrance examination.

Said her mother, Mrs. Mary Haley, 47, wife of a corporation workman: "She said she would get back to school. Her determination has got her there."

"She took her examinations at home. But her papers went in with the others, so that the examiners wouldn't know there were special circumstances. She didn't want favouritism."

"For a start she will go to school only two mornings a week and carry on lessons at home with her tutor."

Boy Turned Off Bus Was TOO Polite

London. Michael Haigh, 11, has been taught not to answer back to a grown-up, which was why he came to be turned off a bus ten miles from his home.

When the conductress said the return ticket he had bought that morning was "no good" he just smiled politely, then tramped along country roads to Elizabeth Avenue, in South Hendley, near Hemsworth.

A CONDUCTOR

"I thought she would be sure to know best," Michael said last week.

His parents, transport driver Mr Peter Haigh and his mother Mrs. Mary Haigh, who have three other children, have asked West Riding Automobile Company why Michael was put off a bus although he had a return ticket, and why no instruction was given to him on how to get home.

The bus company, after a first check, think Michael must have got on the wrong bus—they have established that there was a CONDUCTOR on the only bus to Michael's destination at the time.

But, they add, the boy should have been helped.

BIG BOSOMS LIKE BIG FEET

London. Leading American bra designer Lillian Sayer said here that having bosoms like Sabrina or Jane Mansfield was "like having too big feet."

"And they show too much," the female outfitter—measurement 36—added.

"If you have a lot of money, you don't wear it all over you. How unsuitable can you get?"

Miss Sayer recommended that every woman should own at least six bras, but when someone asked her how many she owned, confessed:

"Me? I don't have any. I'm like the shoe-maker, who goes barefoot."—United Press.

Boys' Friday

Chicago. Fridays are special days for the men-folk at the home of Bernard Finkel.

Finkel and his three sons were born on a Friday. But Mrs. Finkel gets them one better. She was born on Mother's Day.

—United Press.

Whiteaways

Autumn Bargain

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



British show jumper Alan Oliver (25) has ridden in 63 competitions, won 55 of them, is seen at his home in Princes Risborough, Bucks, holding back ton of the mounts on which he leapt to fame.



LEFT: Man with the Yul Brynner hair-do is Nicolai Khokhlov, the NKVD assassin who didn't like his assignment and surrendered to the man he was sent out to do in—was nearly done in himself by a colloquy. Mixture was thallium in coffee. German doctors saved his life, but could not save his hair. A side effect of thallium.... "if it can't leave you dead, it leaves you bald."



RIGHT: Doing the Brighton strip on the shingle... Lord Hailsham, chairman of the Conservative Party puts a little ginger into himself with an early morning dip. The heroic pastime may indicate Conservative determination to face anything with fortitude.



BOTTOM: Prince was born, probably premature, in a field and deserted by Mum. Then he was found and brought up by Stephen Ellis, warden in Nairobi National Park. He played with the Ellis children, was great pal of the family dog. Now puzzled eyes look wistfully out from the bars of Glasgow Zoo.... "Why won't anyone come and play with me any more?"



American jazz star Lionel Hampton flew to London from New York for "the greatest jam session ever heard in Britain." Hampton was supported by British jazz men Humphrey Lyttleton (right) and Johnny Dankworth (standing) and raised £3,000 in one show for Canon Collins' "Christian Action" appeal to conduct the legal defence of 156 men and women accused in the South African treason trials under racial segregation laws.



LEFT: Duke of Kent (22) and his sister Princess Alexandra leaving a party in Belgravia. RIGHT: The girl the Duke is said to be engaged to (rumour spread, on the grounds that he danced with her till 4 am one morning) Julia Williamson (18) from Yorkshire.



LEFT: Nessa Walsh (19) appeared as Miss Ireland in the Miss World competitions but had no dress to wear. Fairy Godmother was Mrs Ronald (cousin of the Queen) Bowes-Lyon who phoned up Royal dress designer Norman Hartnell to ask if he could help. Said Nessa.... "To think I will be wearing a Hartnell dress!" Said the others.... "FOR FREE!"

RIGHT: Winner... Miss World... Miss Finland... Miss Merita Lindahl (18) who won £500, a TR3, and a silver rose bowl and said "The boss of the store where I work (podiatrist) forced me to enter."

Express.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



Dirtiest Fighter in the Ring

HARRY GREB came back to his corner at the end of the seventh round of his title-fight with Mickey Walker at the New York Polo Grounds and there was a wicked gleam in his eye.

"Who's the dame in the second row, behind the time-keeper?" he asked. "Be a pal and date her up for me at the 'Silver Slipper' after the fight—will yer?"

His manager, who, was busy cleaning up Harry's sweaty, blood-stained countenance, glared at him. "I s'pose you know you're defending your world's championship?" he inquired. "You're fighting the most dangerous man in the business who hates your guts. And all you can think about is women."

"One woman," corrected Greb. "The one with the treasure chest, remember. I'll look after the title, you secure the lady. Otherwise I get me another manager, see."

The bell clanged and out went Harry to set about his challenge as if it was the opening of the match and not the halfway stage.

Up to this point Walker was probably a shade ahead. True, he was giving his opponent a hard time, but he was seven years younger and had outpaced Greb in the early stages.

Mickey had been welter-weight champion for several years, now he wanted Greb's middleweight title. A thickset, sturdy warrior, with terrific punching power in his short arms, they called him the Toy Bulldog.

He'd told them all he could kick Greb. He knew that Harry was blind in one eye and was rapidly going over the hill.

Rumour had it that Greb had been visiting the night clubs, he was giving the ladies away, but he was seven years younger and had outpaced Greb in the early stages.

Old man in

So Walker wasn't surprised when he took some of the early rounds by clear margin. Now he would turn on the heat and take the 29-year-old champ.

But it was Harry who whipped up the pace from the eighth round onwards, leaving Mickey standing as he kept in and out with whirling, non-stop arms, jabbing, jabbing, swinging and uppercutting.

It was when they went into a clinch that Walker really knew he was out of his class with Greb. Harry gave him a going over such as few men are asked to take in the course of a glove fight.

He butted him, gave him the shoulder, the elbow, the wrist. He massaged his face with the palm of his gloves, rubbed his knuckles into his eyes, and gave him several taps with his bony forehead.

When Mickey got rough himself Harry took this as a sign that it was now "all-in."

that act on especially for those splices, Doc Kearns went around. All I'd had was ginger ale."

They had supper, then Greb decided he wanted to dance. "I know a place," said Mickey, so off they went, taking Harry's girl friend along with them.

Outside they called a taxi and just as they were about to get in Walker said: "I just want you to know, you Dutch rat, that you wouldn't have kicked me tonight if you

Harry had been fighting from the time he was seventeen. In one of his early bouts he was knocked out by Joe Chip, but that was the only time in a career lasting 15 years.

He fought dirty because he liked it that way and when an opponent likewise discarded the rule book he never squealed.

Sometimes he would come up against someone as tough and as relentless as himself, like the time when he met a sawn-off coloured heavy called Kid Norfolk.

Finding the going was getting hard, Harry stuck his thumb in his rival's eye, only to get back more than he bargained for.

Blind fight

Norfolk proved that he owned the bigger thumb and next day, after a doctor had prised Harry's eye open, he told the fighter he would never see out of it again.

Greb soon earned a reputation as being the dirtiest man in the business. Managers with good-looking fighters would have none of him, some Boxing Commissions would not let him appear in the States.

When he came from the dressing-room to the ring he was hoisted and booted all the way. The fans booed him throughout the contest, whether he fought foul or not.

Harry didn't mind. He knew they packed in just in the hope of seeing him take a hiding. The boys sounded like cheers to his unmusical ears, and he'd bow to all sides of the house as they roared abuse at him.

When he'd run out of middleweights, he challenged Gene Tunney for the American light-heavyweight title. Tunney was licked only once and retired undefeated for the world's heavyweight title.

The winner

The guy who licked him was Greb. In the first round he broke Tunney's nose, in the next he slit open his left eye.

In succeeding rounds Tunney's right eye went. His face was cut in a dozen places, as if Harry was holding a handful of razor blades.

Tunney swallowed so much of his own blood he vomited into the corner bucket. He lost his title and stayed in bed for three weeks recovering from the ordeal.

During that time he worked out a way to beat Greb and in four subsequent meetings he gained complete revenge.

The last time they met Greb was well tamed and, towards the end of the contest he begged Tunney not to knock him out.

When he won the middleweight title from Johnny Wilson



HARRY GREB—the middleweight fighting machine.



Harry Greb (right) and Mickey Walker before their title fight in 1925.

and promptly stuck his thumb into the challenger's eye.

At the finish Walker looked as if he had been ploughed up. The decision went to Greb, who had retained his title.

The blonde had been booked for a supper date and Harry could not get to the "Silver Slipper" quick enough. He hadn't been there long when in came Walker. "Hiya, pal," shouted Greb. "Come and sit down."

In a taxi

Walker was wearing a discoloured eye, but made no reference to it. "You stayed better than I thought you would," he remarked.

"Sure I did," responded Harry. "You fell for that phoney stuff about me being drunk the other night. I put

hadn't stuck your thumb in my eye."

"Why you Irish lug, I could lick you the best day you ever saw," thundered Greb. "Right now here, I'll lick you."

Then he made the mistake of tearing off his coat. Without hesitation Mickey hit him a right-hander between the eyes and bounced him off his feet.

Greb's head made a dent in the door panel of the taxi. Then passengers saw an even greater scrap than the one fans had paid 15 dollars to see earlier in the evening.

The first round had been going about five minutes before a cop came along and stopped it. He bundled Walker into one taxi and then put Greb into another and sent it in the opposite direction.

Without any doubt, Greb was the dirtiest fighter ever to pull on a pair of gloves. He wouldn't have lasted long in Britain.

THIS is the Gin

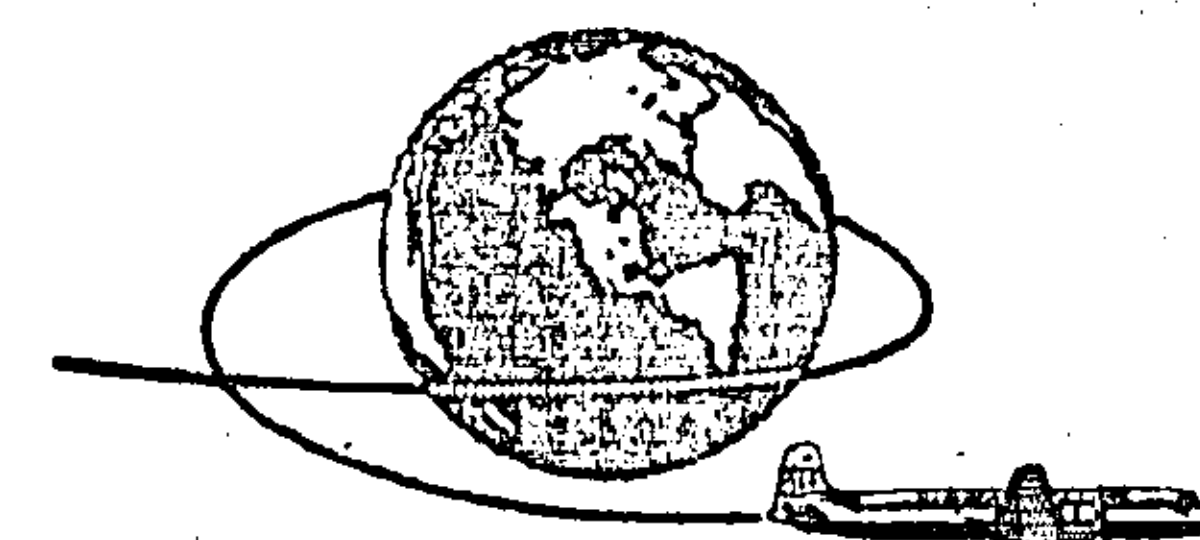


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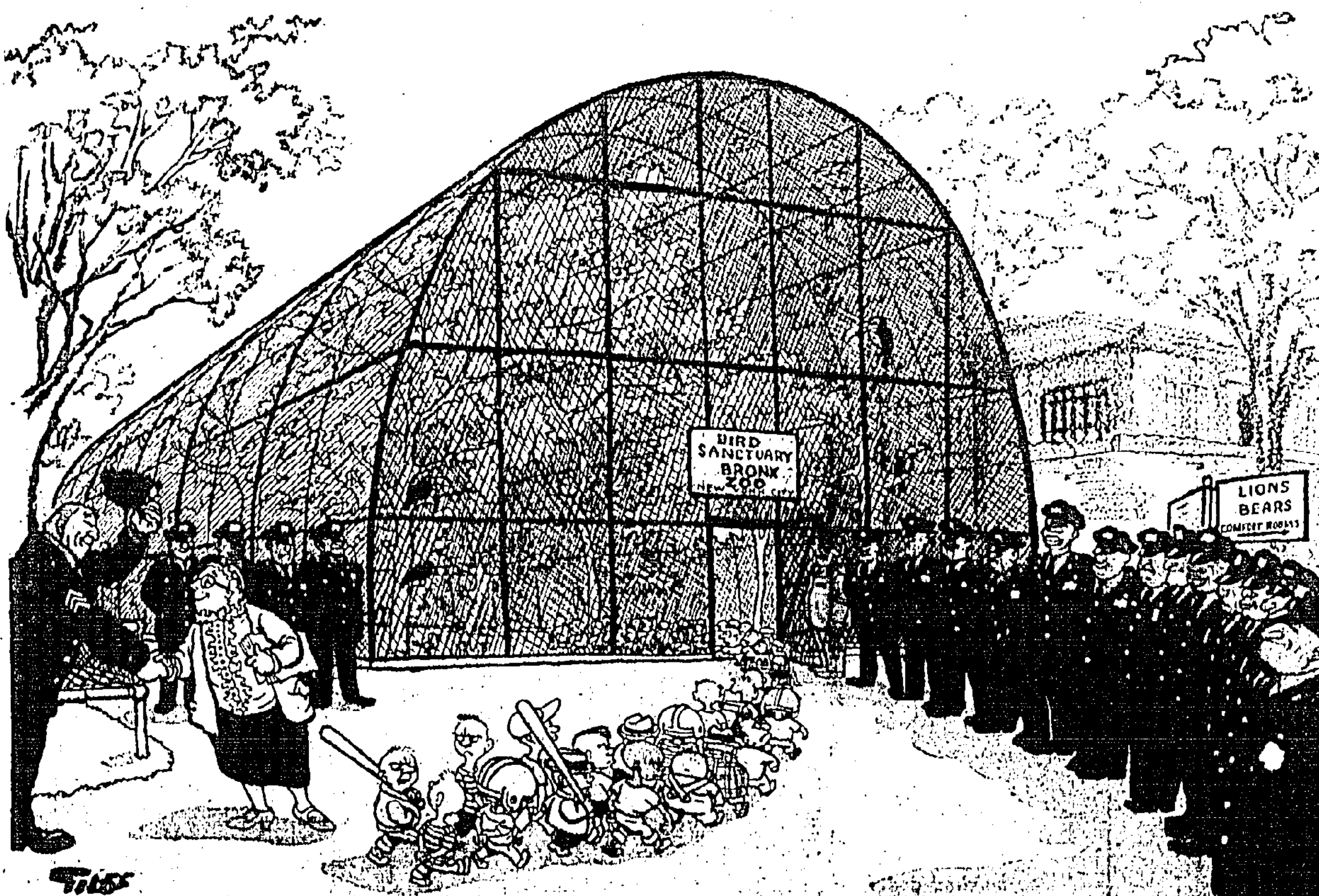
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Zanies of The Ring-3

By GILBERT ODD



"So teacher's 'How would you like a picnic out at Bronx Zoo, boys?' turns out to be a fix with the cops to get one security problem out of the way while the Queen is down town."



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THE MAN WHO COULD DESTROY BRITAIN

by
ANGUS MAUDE
TORY M.P. FOR EALING SOUTH

BRIGHTON. IN the next year Mr Macmillan's Government has it in its power to destroy Britain. It can do it in either of two ways.

By being half-hearted and ineffectual it can lose the next election, and with it rival on this unhappy country the Socialist shackles of bureaucracy, trade union ascendancy, and inflation.

By being placatory, and out-bidding the Socialists with election bribes, it can make us—perhaps for ever—a race of timid pensioners, miserably materialist and jealously grasping. A nation, as Lord Nuffield put it, living in semi-retirement and doomed to a slow and undignified death.

THE PROSPECTS

I DO not know which prospect is worse. In either case, the best of our young people will emigrate.

Given a reasonable alternative, Britain will not choose Socialism deliberately.

The memory of ineffectual controls, of austerity and inflation miraculously synchronised, is still alive.

The prospect of more nationalisation is not appealing. But we may slide into Socialism through the side door, by way of Tory abstentions and fulful voices for TV star candidates, their egos as Liberal candidates.

Perhaps the greater danger is that we may opt for the cult of cohesiveness—for comfort, disengagement, and anything for a quiet life. For the fatal de-

lusion that Britain can become a second Sweden, even though we lack Sweden's natural resources and have to secure our imports from the far corners of the globe.

Responsibilities are not shed as easily as that. Britain, with the Commonwealth still has a job to do in the world, and one that nobody else can do. And this means that the Government has a job to do at home.

IS IT GOING TO DO IT?

The Brighton conference has left us still in doubt.

Mr Thorneycroft slipped himself on the chest and said how brave he was. Mr Macleod quoted Disraeli. Lord Hailsham used the same quotation and said we must have faith.

With all charity, I am not yet filled with hope.

What of the Prime Minister? It can perhaps be said that he succeeded in impressing on his party the personality that he has so far failed to get across to the country. But this is not enough.

The Tory conference was in many ways a terrifying failure. Of course the platform was delighted, for all the old amenities worked.

Meaningless resolutions were argued with lukewarm fire; moderate opposition was smothered in cotton wool. Ministers, rapturously received, poured oil on waters that were still untroubled.

THE SPARK

BUT not a speech—indeed no single phrase—went out into the country and kindled the imagination of the people. What a tragic waste of opportunity.

It is not enough for the Tory conference to roll over at its leader's feet and absorb, with the panting adoration of a

spaniel, the stomach-licking platitudes of platform oratory.

The country, eager for truth and leadership, is not simply satisfied.

What it wants is a policy, and a man to present it. No one but the Prime Minister can do this thing, and the time at his disposal is desperately short.

A THEORY

THE knowing contact men at Brighton, who push around the sort of rumours they believe will please the delegates, have a theory about all this.

The policy, they said, was to pacify the conference without offending the Left.

The Socialists must be given no single sentence they could use as ammunition; the trade unions must be lulled into a belief that the Government, if not friendly, is at least ineffectual; the Tory Left Wing is to be courted and flattered by the party leaders.

Under cover of this blanket of cotton-wool the toughest actions, speaking louder than mere words, would be taken without anyone noticing what was going on.

IF THIS IS REALLY THE POLICY OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT, IT IS FATUOUS, DISHONEST, AND DOOMED TO FAILURE.

It is inconceivable to me that the Prime Minister does not know this. But if he allows his advisers to play on a fondness for political manoeuvre and convince him that this is the clever thing to do, then he—and we—are lost.

The Tories, and the country, have no alternative leader of comparable stature.

INTO THE SPACE AGE . . . 2nd week

Political Consequences of the Red Moon

A PERSONAL APPRAISAL

AFTER THE FIRST 3,000,000 MILES

by Chapman Pincher

Mr Macmillan is brilliant, sincere, a fine speaker, and potentially a great Prime Minister.

But does the country know this? Does he not realise that it is crying out for such a man? Moreover, that it will not wait much longer? If the necessary measures are indeed to be taken—and Brighton gives us little certainty that this is so—then the Prime Minister must direct and expound the operation personally, and be seen to do so.

He cannot afford to leave it to a medley of Ministers, each concerned with a fragment of the whole, some waving banners and others urging caution or mouthing bromides.

HIS JOB

OTHERS can fiddle with pension plans and argue about H-bomb tests. The Prime Minister has a great man's job to do. He has to tell the country some simple truths, and make them true in action.

THAT HIS AIM is to stop inflation, rather than just to win the next election.

THAT HE WILL DO THIS by freeing the energy of the people and not by curbing the efforts of the able and hard-working.

THAT HE WILL BREAK the power of any vested interest—whether Government department, nationalised industry, trade union, or private monopoly—to exploit the helpless citizen without redress.

THAT HE WILL RESTORE hope to the young and peace of mind to the old.

THAT HE WILL STATE Britain's place in the world with authority and show that he can defend it.

THAT HE WILL BIND our true friends firmly to us, and be uncompromising with the rest.

THAT IS THE WAY TO WIN THE NEXT ELECTION. THE ONLY WAY.

AFTER one stupendous week of complete monopoly of space and with the 13-stone bleeping satellite still rounding the earth every 95 minutes, what solid advantages have the Russians gained?

They have rubbed in their defeat of the West in the desperate race for the Fissile Missile—the intercontinental rocket with the H-bomb war-head.

The power and the accuracy . . .

FROM their first week's watch on Bleep, Allied scientific intelligence experts are satisfied that the power and accuracy needed to put such a heavy object into such a spectacular orbit could dump an H-bomb on New York.

The secrets of space which Bleep is now probing will help the Russians to predict the trajectories of long-range rocket firings.

They will help them to be first with more elaborate robot satellites which, as Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery has warned, will be used for reconnaissance.

These military advantages are menacing, but as a confirmed optimist, the main immediate effects of Bleep, as I see them, are political. To get them in perspective, let us examine them from the different viewpoints of the four types of people into which the nations of the world are now divided:—

...The Russians, the anti-Communist Westerners, the peoples under Communist subjection, and the millions who are not completely committed to either side.

First, what it means to the Russians

THE Bleep is a terrific shot in the arm for the Russian nation, which for 40 years has been suffering from a crushing inferiority complex.

After pitiful self-deceptions about inventing almost everything from TV to penicillin, the Russians have now indisputably beaten the West in a major technical project. They are puffed up with prestige and making the most of it.

The satellite proves the superiority of Soviet science, argues Pravda. "It shows that Communism pays off, and that Capitalism is played out."

Whether taken in or not by the theme that the rising of the Red Moon means the setting of the Western Sun, the Russian people will undoubtedly be spurred to even greater efforts.

What it means to the anti-Communist Westerners

EVERY bleep of the satellite is a wound to Western prestige. Whatever they may say in public, British and U.S. politicians and defence chiefs have been badly shaken by the Russian achievement.

The quick U.S. offer to discuss control of space missiles and the blame-shifting now going on in Washington are symptoms of national nervousness.

So is the eagerness, with which British officials dis-paraged the satellite as being "of little significance."

The Russians are pounding the propaganda theme that their rockets are so effective that nations who make themselves into targets by offering bases to the West stand in grave danger.

This argument—false, because such bases are now these countries' only safeguard against Communist domination—may weaken the resolve of some of Nato's trailer members.

What it means to the subjected nations

FEAR of Russian military might must now be even more intense in those countries which have felt its brutal impact.

To the still-rebellious Hungarians and Poles the Bleep is further warning that Big Brother is watching.

To those who have given up the fight for freedom, it is evidence that the Communist machine, however bitter, brings results of some kind.

What it means to the uncommitted nations

IT is among the illiterate masses of Asia, Africa, and South America that the Bleep is exerting its greatest impact.

In India, for instance, millions are watching the sky with

wonder for a glimpse of the satellite about which they know nothing more than it is another moon put there by the Russians.

Egypt's Nasser and the Syrian leaders can point to it as proof of their foresight in acquiring military and technical aid from Russia.

To those still seeking such aid, the Bleep is signalling the message: "You want the best techniques, we have them."

How does Britain stand in this historic time? My inquiries show that Britain stands still and will remain static in the foreseeable future if present policy prevails.

The Government has insisted that Britain cannot afford space experiments. The same argument was put up against the manufacture of the atom bomb. "Leave it to the Americans," was the cry.

If that argument had prevailed—Britain would not now

have been leading the world in the production of atomic power for homes and industry.

Atom power emerged from military work on the atom 40 years sooner than some scientists predicted.

Who knows what may emerge from the exploration of Space and how soon?

If only prestige were at stake there would still be strong argument against allowing Russia to buy up all the advertising space in space. But bigger issues are involved.

The Bleep is the Golden Hind in the conquest of a new environment. Its success is of far greater significance than Drake's first circumnavigation, in my view.

So the choice for the British, as I see it after this last week, is between finding the money for space research or facing a future of looking skywards with our mouths open and our feet in the mud.

SOVIET SATELLITE CHIEF EXPLAINS HIS NEW TOY



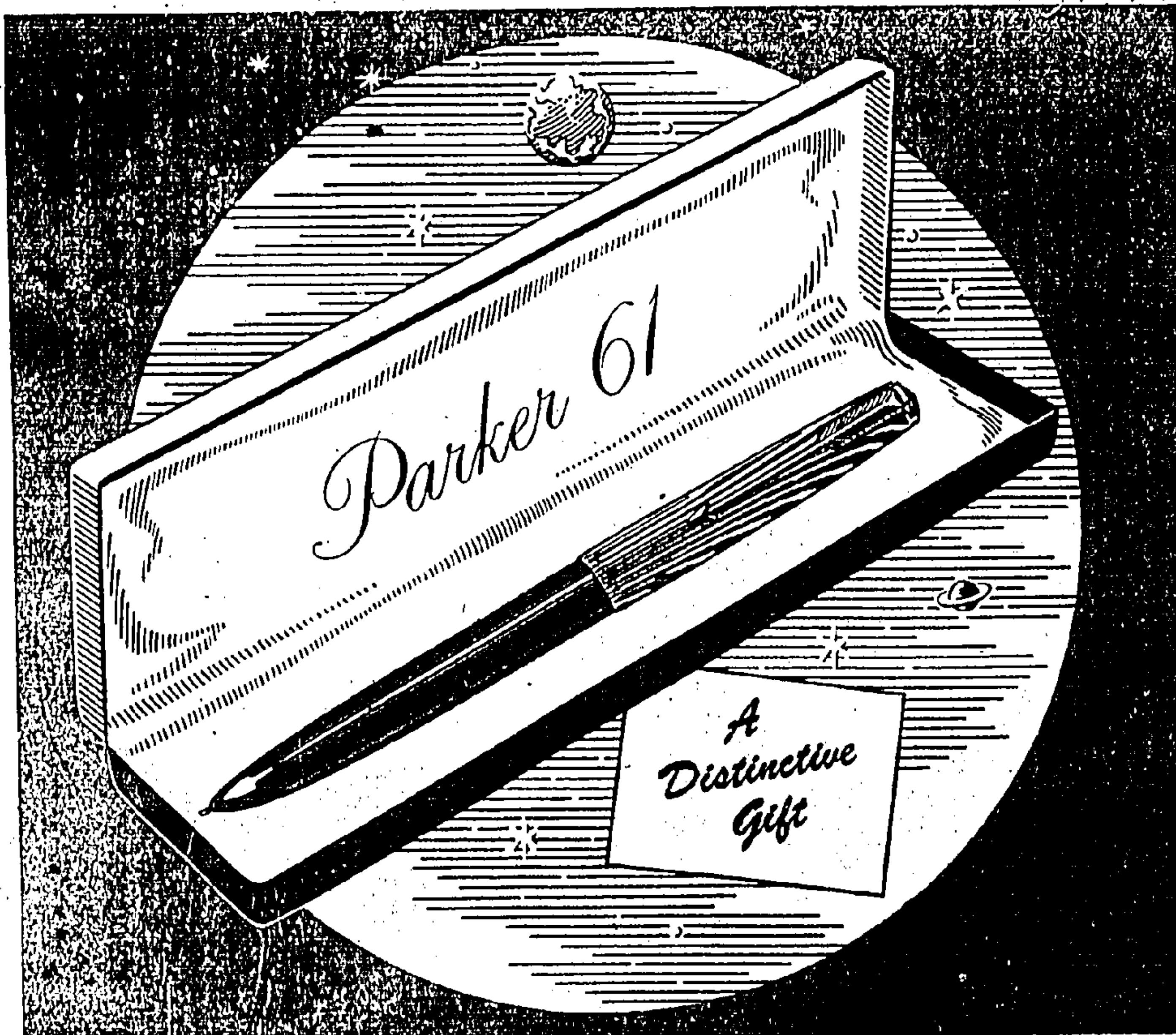
The Soviet satellite was observed by passengers aboard one of Scandinavian Airlines' commercial services flying the Atlantic.

One of the passengers on this flight was Soviet General A. A. Blagonravov, one of the designers of "Sputnik."

This sketch by Blagonravov shows Sputnik's course around the Earth in concentric eclipses.

General Blagonravov, reported to head the Soviet satellite programme, said that Sputnik was the result of teamwork with no formal chief.

A member of the Russian party stated on arrival at Copenhagen that a dog would accompany one of the next satellites to be launched from Russia.



Parker 61

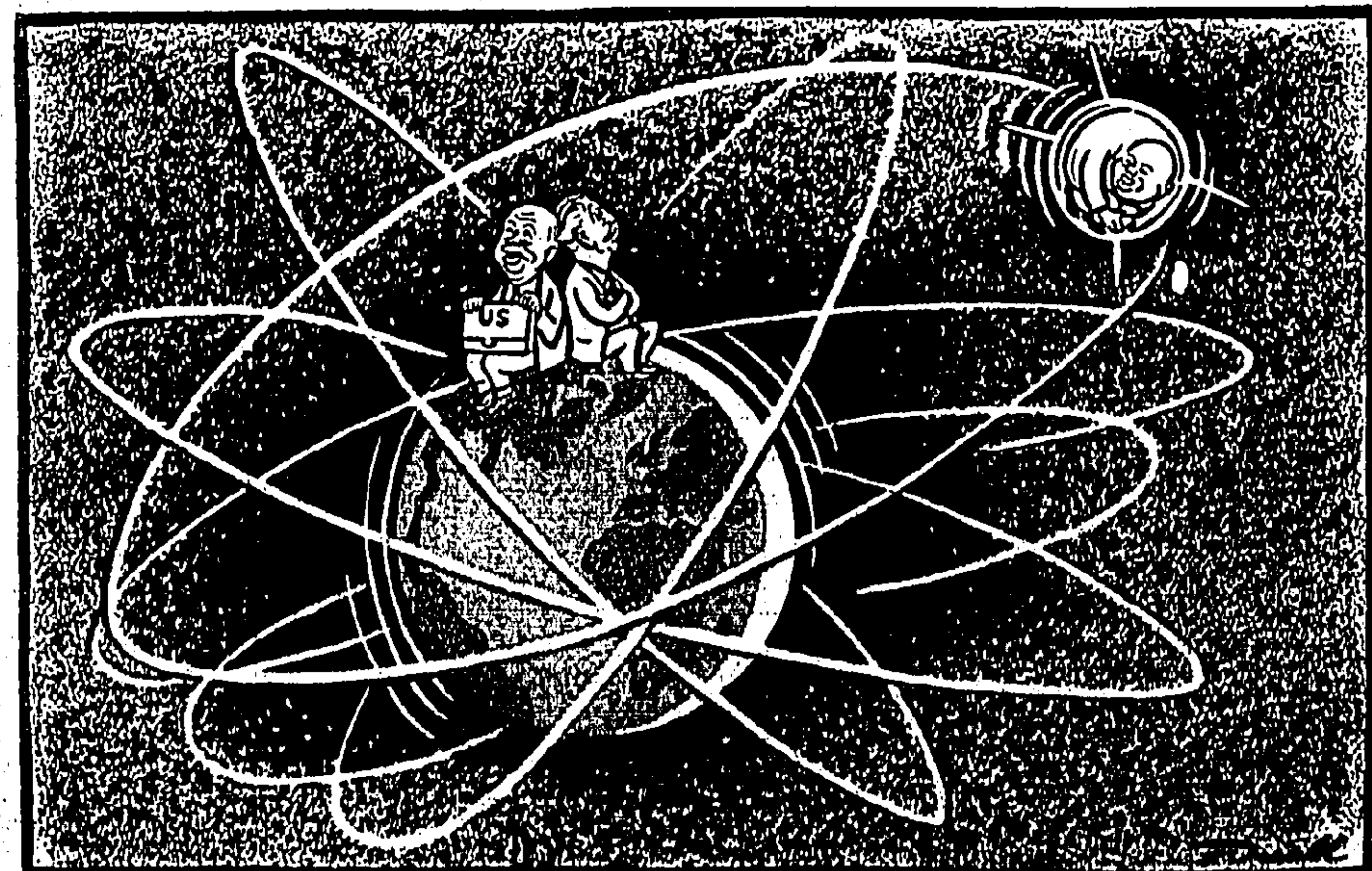
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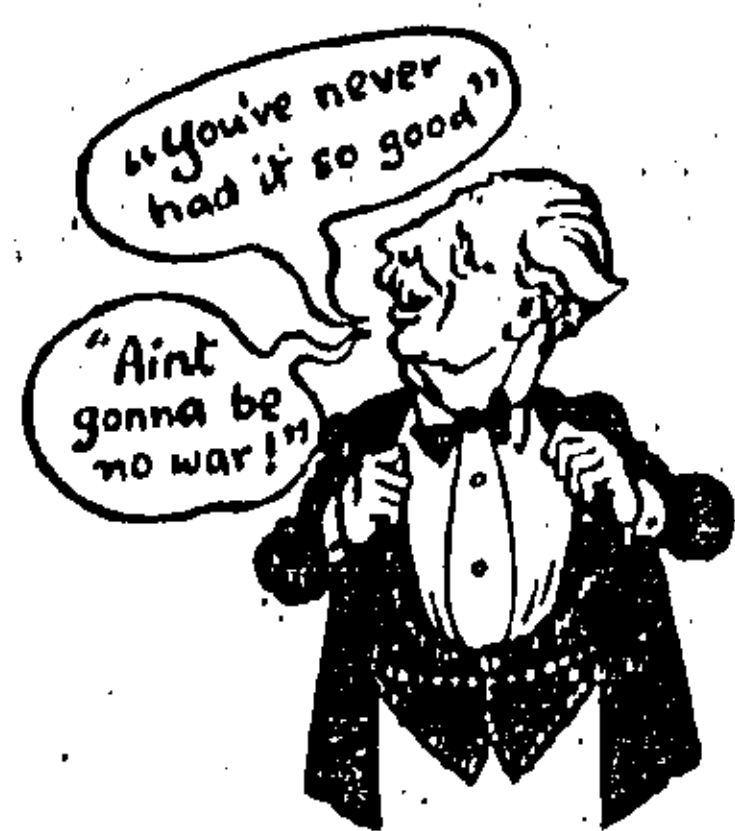
"One hundred and fifty . . . The reason I can't exchange secrets with you . . . one hundred and fifty-one . . . is that he might get hold of them and steal . . . one hundred and fifty-two . . . a march on us . . ."

London Express Bureau

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Dear Prime Minister

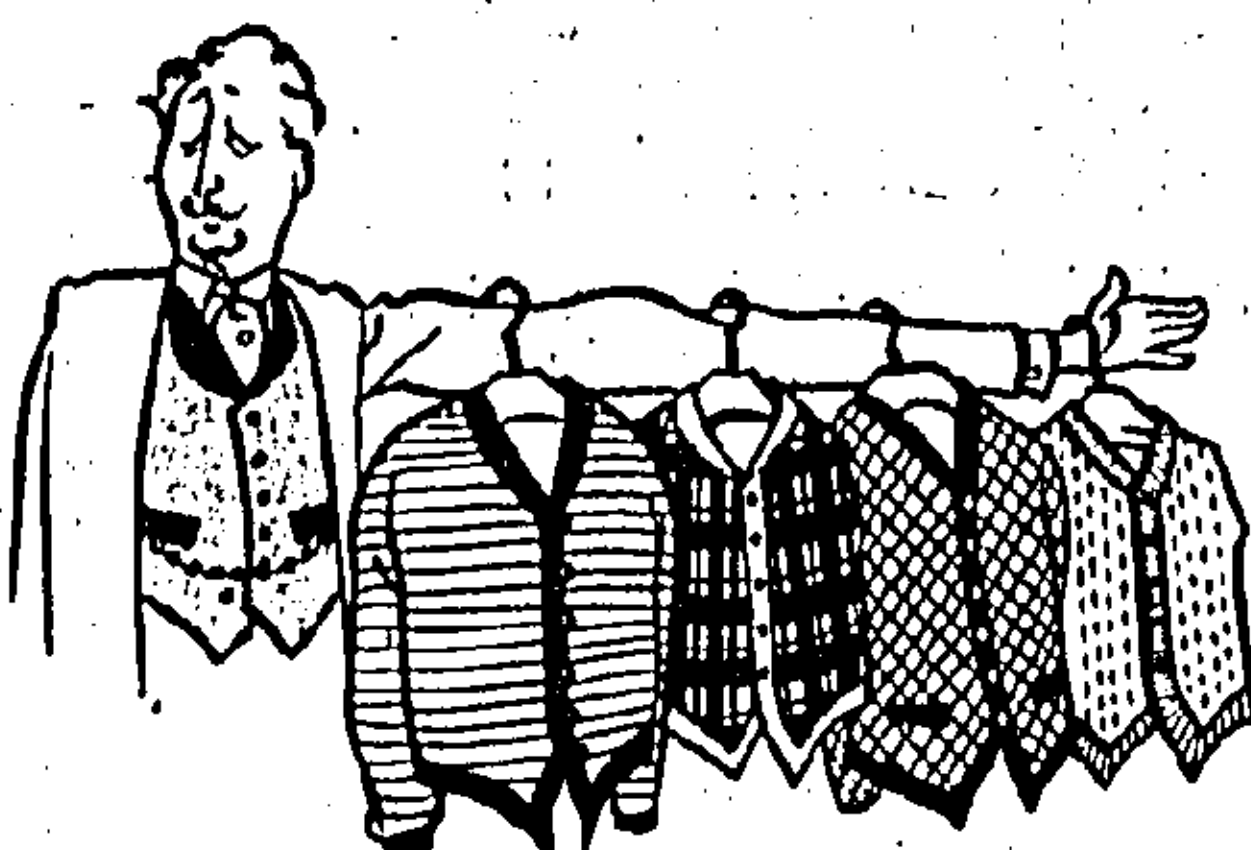
THIS IS WHY THE BRITISH PUBLIC DOESN'T ADORE YOU



Your blinding witicism—the British don't like cleverness...



They prefer strong silent people...



Your exotic glamorous cardigans and waistcoats remind people of Disraeli (a clever chap who got hold of the Suez Canal).

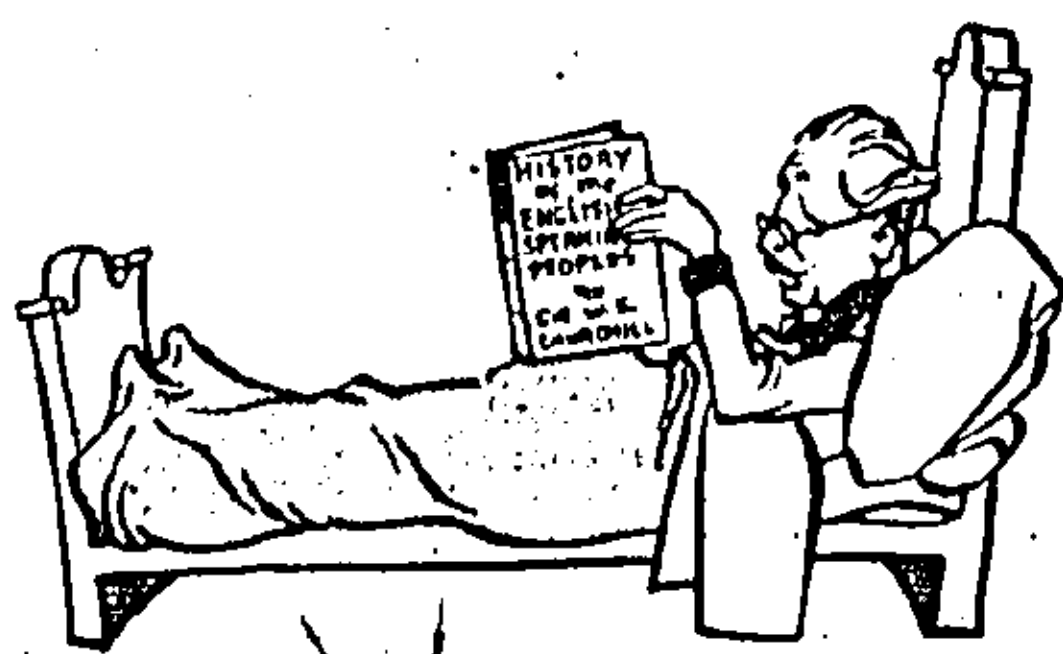


Your voluptuous, glamorous hair style reminds people of David Lloyd George (the most terribly clever Welshman of them all)...

BUT ABOVE ALL THE BRITISH DISTRUST



Your relaxed manner...



You, reading in bed...



Your enjoyment of being Prime Minister...



The British like their statesmen to be carefree in the public service...



...and to have ulcers for the sake of the nation...



... Throw away your cigar, put that cunning eye behind dark glasses.

So for heaven's sake



... iron out that Vistovian face and take refuge behind an honest pipe.

THEN perhaps, the British will take you to their heart! Yours helpfully

Cummings

America Could Have Launched A Satellite In 1954...

—but they kept telling us that it was not a race, says Maj.-Gen Toftoy

NEW YORK. THE thought of a Russian eyeball circling the earth every 80 minutes has unnerved the American man-in-the-street. In the bars, cafeterias, taxis and subways, it is often referred to nervously as "that red bomb."

President Eisenhower's statement that "our satellite programme has never been conducted as a race with other nations" has proved more chilling than reassuring. Many of the scientists and military experts who know most about rocket warfare are united in condemning this as a damning admission.

Bitterly outspoken is Major-General Nelson Toftoy, Commander of the Redstone Arsenal, in Alabama, where America's long-range atomic missiles are planned and developed. He insists that an American satellite would be orbiting now "if we had been allowed to put the components of existing missiles together and fire them off. We said we could do it in 1954. And by God we could. But they kept telling us that it was not a race."

Disappointed

Especially galling to General Toftoy is the fact that his Redstone team generated and sold the whole idea of the immediate possibility of earth satellites and space travel. And the head of his team is the most disappointed man in America today: 44-year-old, former War V-2 inventor, Dr. Werner von Braun.

Von Braun is tall and blond with the handsome head of a propaganda artist and an air of restless energy. As well as being mathematician, chemist, physicist and engineer, he is also skidder, musician — and novelist.

At the moment von Braun is hedged by security restrictions which prevent him voicing his opinions of America's first space defeat. But he can talk of other things—of his novel, Mars Project. "It has taken more than three years to write," he says. "It deals with a trip to Mars by 70 passengers aboard 10 spaceships."

How does it end? "Mars and earth work out their scientific problems through mutual aid."

No scruples

He can talk of how at the age of 18 he read about space travel: "I realised that here was a task worth devoting one's life to. Not just to stare through a telescope but to soar through the heavens and actually explore them. I knew how Columbus had felt."

Like Columbus, von Braun and his fellow rocketship fanatics were regarded by the authorities as cranks. But in Hitler they found a dreamer whose whole success was founded upon achieving the impossible. The Versailles Treaty banned many military weapons—but it did not mention rockets.

Says von Braun years after: "We felt no moral scruples. We needed the money and we were interested solely in exploring outer space. Would you blame Einstein for Hiroshima? He searched for fundamental truths and his formulae were used for the atomic bomb. Today I'm still producing military rockets and still hoping for spaceships."

Von Braun has grown used to disappointments with politicians. After the invasion of Poland, Hitler had a dream that he would lead a dream of rocket bombs. Von Braun's technicians were called up as infantrymen.

At last in 1945 the Vergeltungswaffe II—Reprisal Weapon Two—was perfected against



ALAN BRIEN reports from New York

all odds and Hitler changed his mind. On September 7, 1944, the first exploded on London. Von Braun says that he felt "a genuine regret" at this use of his brainchild. "Our aim was to blaze a trail to other planets—not to destroy our own."

After the war the most valuable spoils for the victors were not money or goods or land—but men. Russia, Britain and America competed for Hitler's rocket and atomic scientists—and von Braun was one of the most glittering prizes.

Von Braun still dreams of being the architect of man's first trip to the moon—"five days out and five days back. Why attempt it? As Sir Edmund Hillary said about Everest: because it's there."

With the might of America's technology and capital behind him, the Russians will have a tough competitor. Though the President has emphasised "the non-military character of the satellite work," it is difficult to forget that out of von Braun's "non-military" spaceship grew "Reprisal Weapon Two."

As von Braun said in 1946, when he was asked why he preferred the Americans: "My country has lost two wars in my young lifetime. Next time I want to be on the winning side."

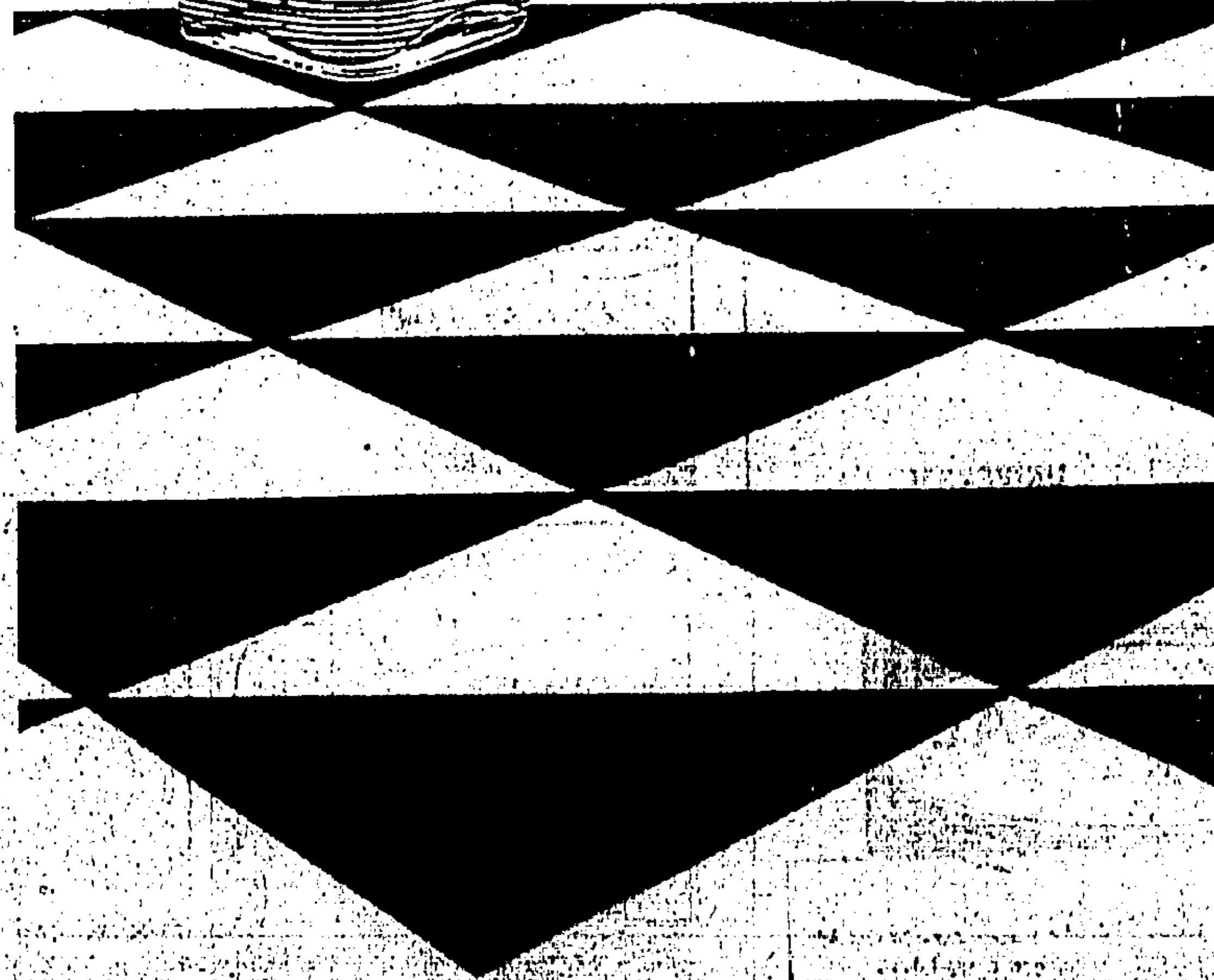
(London Express Service)

It's an old friend

Grants

'STAND FAST' SCOTCH WHISKY

... now in the tall triangular bottle



Mindy Is Dead

By CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

“ONE evening about 7 o'clock I am sitting in Mindy's when who should come in but Harry the Horse, Nicely Nicely Johnson and Milk Ear Willy.”

That's how Damon Runyon started a story. But he wasn't writing about Mindy's but Lindy's. Lindy's of Broadway. Lindy's of Eddie Cantor and Mary Pickford and Al Jolson.

And yes, Lindy's of the beer barons of the Prohibition era. Now Lindy, blue-eyed Leo Lindemann, is dead and Broadway mourns.

Lindy's was a classic American success story, a story that justified the hope in the eyes of European immigrants as they first saw the Statue of Liberty at the turn of the century.

He was born near Berlin 69 years ago, the son of a linen pedler. They were poor. Musing once Lindy remembered that he was 21 before he ever had a piece of clothing that fitted him—he had to wear the cast-offs his father got in barker.

After his father died Lindy worked in a delicatessen—sweeping up the floor. He came to America four years later and became a waiter.

Then once again in the classic American tradition he married, no, not the boss's daughter but his sister, a wonderful woman called Clara Gertner.

It was she who stirred the fire of ambition in Lindy. “We must open a place of our own,” she said. It took eight years of scrimping and saving and scraping. But they managed it and in 1923 Lindy's opened at 1,626 Broadway.

It was rough at first. The customers went mainly for sandwiches.

But gradually it changed. Eddie Cantor, then with the Ziegfeld Folies, began dropping in. Al Jolson, who was at the Winter Garden, followed. Lindy's quietly became famous.

Runyon helped by peopling the fictitious Mindy's with his Broadway celebrities. Later the tourists came really expecting to meet Death House Donigan and Gentleman George in the flesh.

His fame grew, and Lindy became a character in his own right. He became rich enough to open a new and bigger restaurant. Which ironically prospered so well that the little old Lindy's began to fade as fame passed it by.

Miss KERR'S PUZZLE: SHALL I BE A BODY OR A MIND?



DEBORAH KERR—"The holiday is over and it has been fun. But getting back to work will be like a rest cure."

DEBORAH KERR shuffled across the lounge of her hotel suite in slippers and said: "My feet are killing me. I danced all night last night. And the night before. Getting too old for this kind of thing."

Miss Kerr, who is no more than 34 in years—and much less in looks—was, I'd say, good for many bouts of marathon dancing. Though I wouldn't blame her if she never again faces the rigours of a holiday in London during the steaming, mid-summer social season.

She said sitting back with her feet up: "Still, it's been fun. But I'm looking forward to getting back to work. It's going to seem like a rest cure after this."

Part of her "rest cure" may be a long-delayed return to the London stage.

She has been asked to appear with Vivien Leigh in a Giraudoux play translated by Christopher Fry.

"I'm dying to do something on the stage here, as you know. But it's not easy to find the right play. And I can't make up my mind about this one. There's a problem. You see, Vivien Leigh and I would be playing the same woman. But different parts."

I asked for an explanation.

"Well, the idea is that one part is the physical woman—the body—and the other is the same woman's intellect—the mind."

"It's very difficult. I can't decide whether I'd like to play the body. Or the mind."

"They're both good parts. The question is what I'd be most suitable for."

'SOUND JUDGE'—and diplomatic

Fortunately Miss Kerr was tactful enough not to ask me the question—which almost falls into the "Have you stopped beating your wife?" category.

She said she was going to ask her husband, Tony Bartley,

SHOW BUSINESS

By LOGAN GOURLAY

TV executive and Battle of Britain pilot.

Mr Bartley is resourceful, and, in the words of his wife, "a sound judge." But even a husband like that isn't going to find it easy to provide the right diplomatic answer. Nor will Sir Laurence Olivier who, I imagine, is being asked by Vivien Leigh.

I hope for the sake of the management that both husbands don't give the same answer.

Meantime Miss Kerr has a film part to play in an adaptation of the precociously sexy novel *Bonjour Tristesse*. Definitely a "body" part.

Miss Kerr's next film will probably be the Hollywood version of *Separate Tables*. She will play the pale, setawny young spinster. Which is a "mind" part, of course.

So she continues to alternate her roles, according to the plan she has followed successfully since *From Here to Eternity* when she freed herself from the sweet English ladylike roles which were neither mind nor body.

She may even, if she's lucky, get a few roles that combine both.

COMBINATION—it's perfect

I'm happy to report that Miss Kerr herself remains the perfect feminine combination—not too much mind and not too much body.

I have to add that this is meant to be a compliment. As I was saying, Mr Bartley has a tough task telling his wife which part she's best suited for in that play.

He'd probably prefer to say whether or not he has stopped beating his wife.

FEARS CONE—friendly now

MARGARET LEIGHTON went to New York 10 months ago to appear on the stage in *Separate Tables*. She said then: "I haven't been there for years. I'm terribly apprehensive. I might hate the place now. I'm afraid I might have a miserable time."

Reporting what goes on when they make a film in Spain

IT WAS BARDOT'S TURN TO HAVE A BREAKDOWN...

Torremolinos, Spain. It would be pleasant to report that when I arrived in this tiny village to meet Brigitte Bardot she made me entirely welcome.

In fact, when I showed up she let loose the donkey she has just bought, shut herself in her villa, and had a nervous breakdown.

Having negotiated some 60 ft. of flood water to reach this place—most of which seems to have been washed into the sea—I was wet, weary, and almost too tired to care.

Stephen Boyd, looking haggard and 2st lighter than when we last met, led me away to a local bar. He co-stars in the film Bardot is making here, *The Day That Heaven Fell*.

A NIGHTMARE

"This picture," he observed in that curious Transatlantic accent which suggests a birthplace somewhere between McGill University, Montreal, and a post-box outside Ballyhooley, "is a nightmare. Bardot is having her breakdown this week. The director, Roger

Vadim, is next. Then they've promised me I can have mine. "I get the impression," I said, wringing some flood water from my suit, "that you are not happy."

"It's the worst thing that ever happened to me," said Boyd. "I've been here two months and still haven't seen a script. None of the phones work. Half the town's been washed away by floods. We're filming in three languages—two of which I don't speak. I've been terribly ill. "Maybe Red Cross parcels will be coming through soon," I said.

FACE WENT DARK

BOYD looked at me with sunken eyes. "See my hair," he said, thrusting his head down. "Black, I'm light-haired, and I had to dye it myself for the part. Next day my whole face went dark. I looked like an emaciated Belafonte."

"How about Bardot?" I asked. He looked away. "Don't ask me," he said.

"How about Bardot?" I repeated. "All I can say," he muttered, "is that when I'm trying to play serious love scenes with her she's busy positioning her bot-

tom for the best angle shot..." He loped away through the ebbing flood waters.

At dinner that night I met Bardot's husband, tall, gangling Roger Vadim—who is directing the picture.

Some months ago, after Brigitte walked out on him ("I've fallen in love with another man," she said one breakfast time) he tied himself up more than somewhat with a beautiful Danish blonde called Annette Stroyberg.

FAR FROM FINAL

NOW he has just discovered that his divorce from Brigitte is far from final. Which possibly accounts for the fact that to date he has lost even more weight than Stephen Boyd.

"This picture," said Vadim, darting about the restaurant like a fugitive from a Saturday night spectacular, "is dogged by misfortune. Nothing goes right."

"How about Bardot?" I asked. A spasm seemed to pass through his gaunt frame. "Ah," he said, "How about Bardot?"

A little later, by careful manoeuvring, I bearded Brigitte, unsuspecting, in her garden. Her blonde hair hung like golden rain about her shoulders. She wore no make-up.

I HAVE SPOTS

I REPORTED the conversation: "How are you?" "Sick. I have spots on my chin."

"Are you enjoying making this film?" "No."

"Where did you get the donkey?" "I bought it for £2 to give to the children of the village."

"What do you think of Torremolinos?" "I try and forget about it."

"Some time ago you listed your chief pleasures in life as dogs, birds, money, the sea, flowers, empire-style furniture, grass, kittens, and baby monkeys. Roger Vadim you placed somewhere between the grass and kittens. Where would you say he is now?"

"In the restaurant across the road," said Bardot. Suddenly her searching fingers located another spot. "I am having a nervous breakdown," she shrieked—and

vanished into the house. A moment later came an anguished cry: "Get doctors."

Doctors were discovered. Five in all. Which is only remarkable when I tell you that there are only three along this entire coast line—and one of those doubles as picador at the local bullfights.

"You are," they agreed, "having a nervous breakdown. Rest for a week."

Before the stethoscopes were back in their bags Bardot was in a car, shrieking: "Paris—and hurry."

After her raced Vadim. "Get her back," he croaked. "We're five weeks behind schedule already."

Stephen Boyd was already looking up flights back to London. "I start another film in ten days," he said. "Quite possibly I won't get back."

"This," groaned Roger Vadim, "can't be happening to me."

LATE-NIGHT FOOTNOTE: Now they've all gone—Boyd to London, Bardot to Paris, Vadim to the hills. I am thinking of adopting the donkey.

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Ready for ditching—Marina Demco.

RIGHT & BELOW: Three views of the Chinese Women's Club Charity Ball, attended by Sir Alexander and Lady Grantham, where the prettiest sellers in town made Charity relatively painless.



BELOW: Farewell at New Queen's Pier—Vilma Chuey presents flowers for Hongkong Panamanians to Mrs Mario Guillon, wife of the retiring Consul for Panama.



DITCHING EXERCISE... Air Hostesses (left) crowd a launch in Hongkong harbour ready for a "ditching exercise." Explained one: "Ditching is coming down to Earth unexpectedly." It doesn't look (below) in this picture taken on the way home, as if these two CPA pilots had much opportunity. Maybe it isn't all that easy to ditch an air hostess.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



Flight-Lieut. Kim Hall, the Colony golf champion sips from the champion's cup.



LEFT: Tents and bonfires and good camp grub... part of the week's Scout Jamboree at Kam Chuen Village.

BELOW: Youngest winner when 1,300 went off for their annual Caltex Staff Picnic to Cheung Chau Island.



ABOVE: Leo Choa and Louise Ho at St Anthony's.

RIGHT: Thomas Walker and Agnes Neil at St Joseph's.



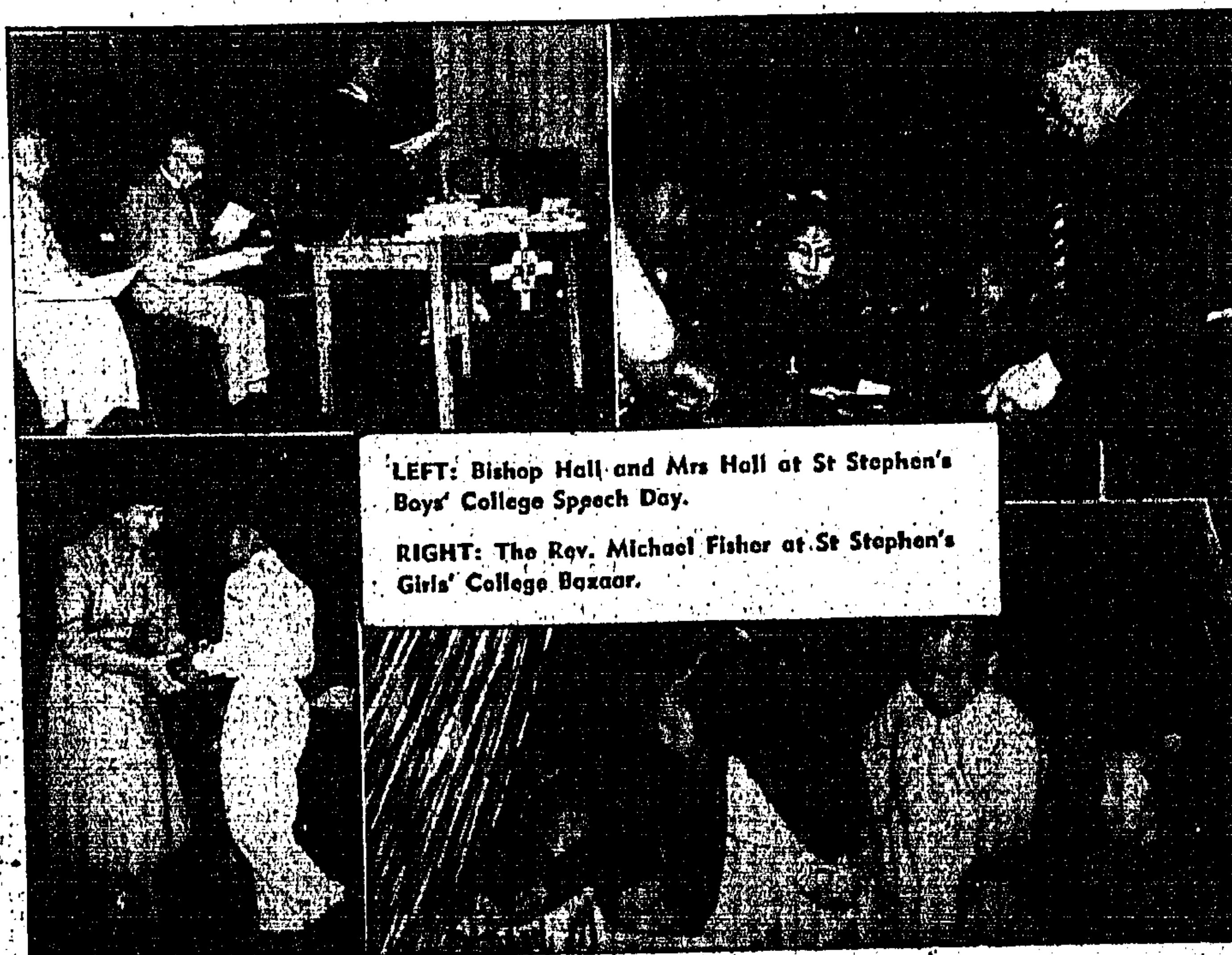
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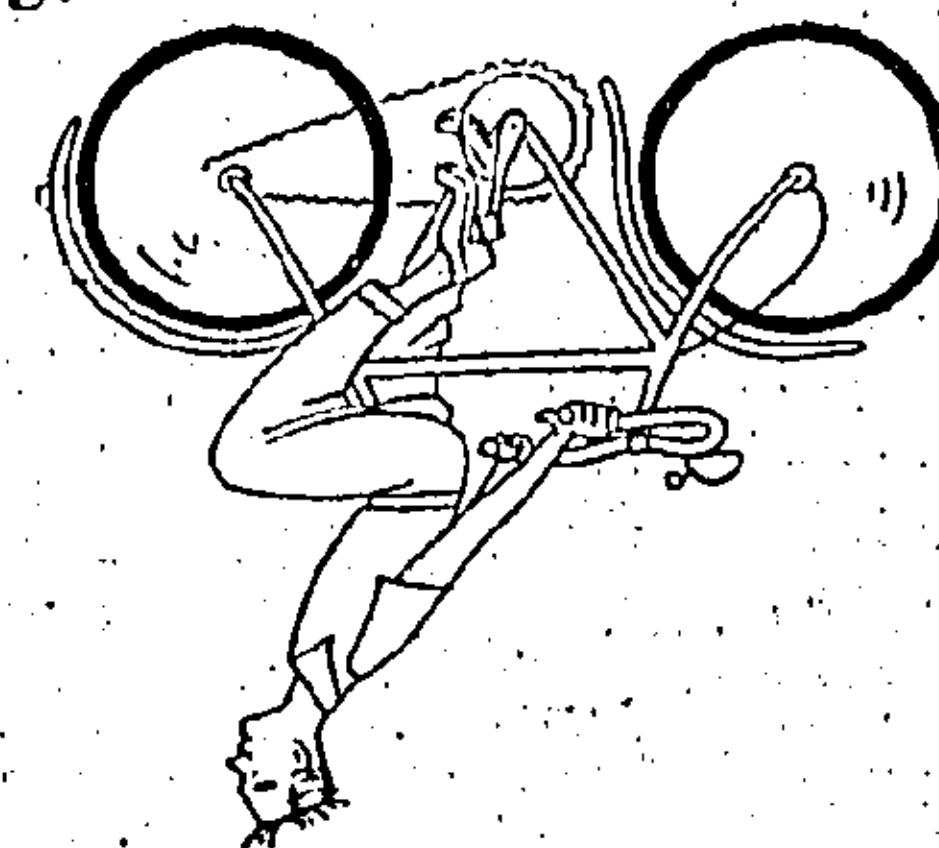
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LEFT: Bishop Hall and Mrs Hall at St Stephen's Boys' College Speech Day.

RIGHT: The Rev. Michael Fisher at St Stephen's Girls' College Bazaar.

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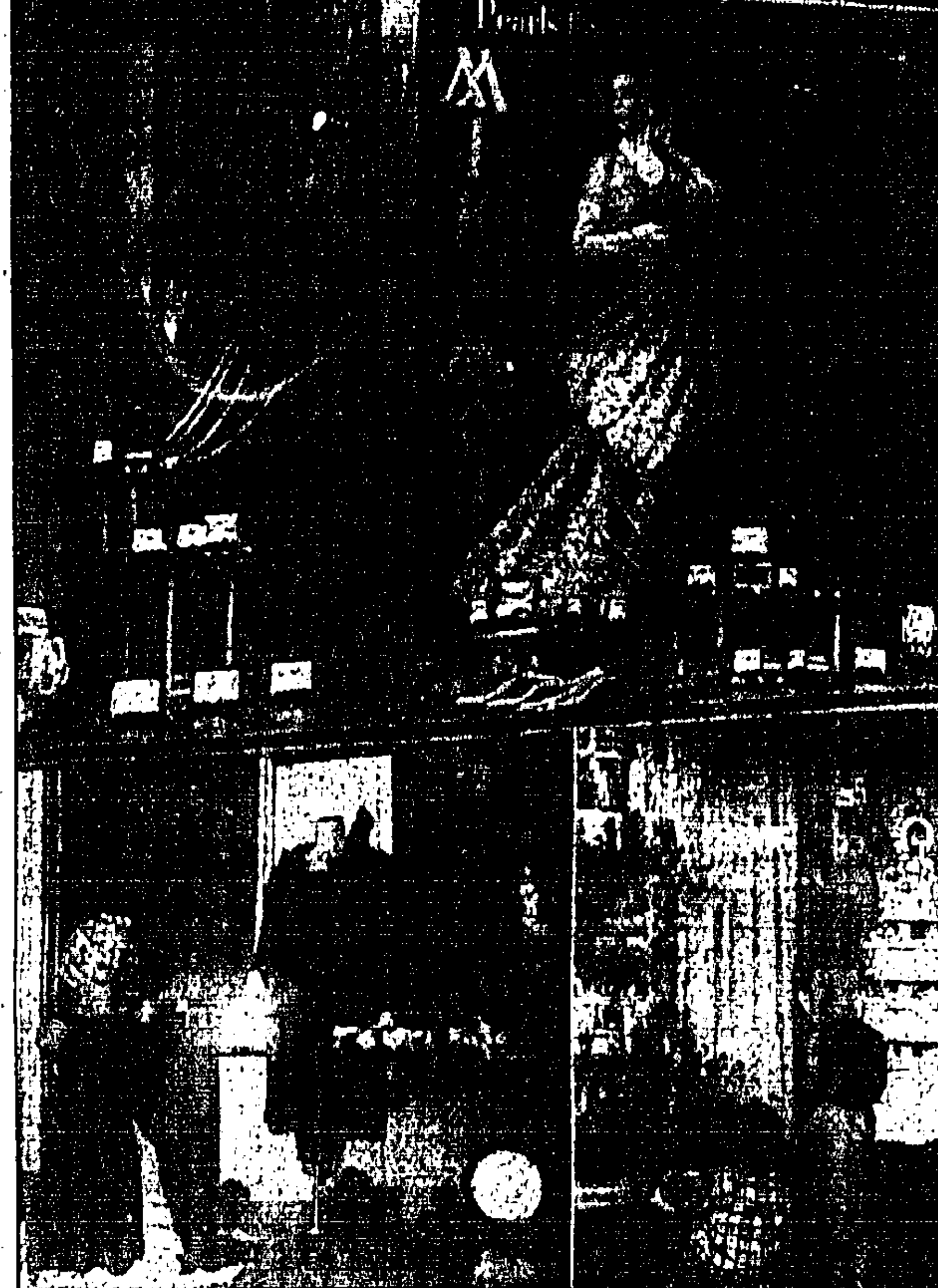
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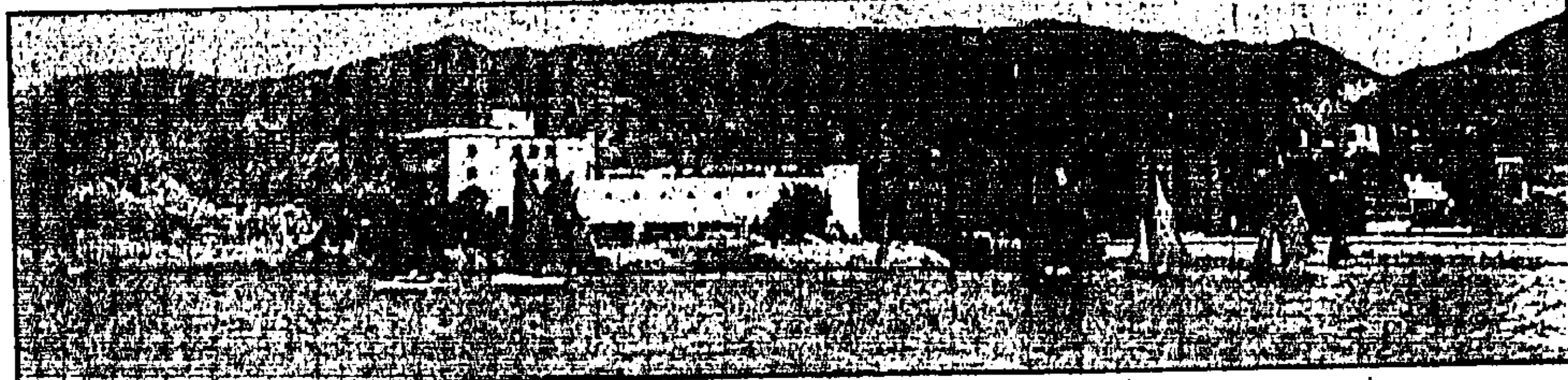
Gloucester Arcade window display in connection with the Hongkong Festival of Arts.

Staff Photographer



HONGKONG ARTISTS

Here in seven pictures is a preview of the first exhibition by a group of six Western style Hongkong painters who may one day be known as a "Hongkong School." Anyway here are Douglas Bland (founder) seen with his portrait of Professor Blundon, Julia Baren at work on a religious painting, Lui Shau-kwan (Western painting but he paints "flat", holds a Chinese brush the Chinese way, and notice the "Chinese mist" in his picture below—"the city on the mountain"), Ruth Robertson at work afloat, and two paintings by the other two painters of this group, Kwong Yau-ting and Leo Kwok-wing. (Contributed)



Autumn's here... the season has begun... and so has sailing. And here's the regatta off to a windy start.

Staff Photographer

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Jumper With Bow Trimmings

TENSION: The tension for this garment is: 8 sts. to 1 inch measured over the st. st.

ABBREVIATION: K. knit, p. purl, sts. stitches, tog. together, sl. 1 slip one stitch knitwise, st. st. stocking stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl), t.b.l. through back of loops, p.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over.

After casting off stitches for shaping, one stitch will remain on the right-hand needle which is not included in the instructions that follow.

N.B. For the 35 inch bust read the instructions as given.

For the 37 inch bust read the figures within the first brackets.

For the 39 inch bust read the figures within the second brackets.

MATERIALS: 7 (8) (8) ozs. Slender Majestic Wool, 3 ply. 1 pair No. 10 and No. 12 Knitting Needles, 12 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Width all round at underarm, 35 (37) (39) inches.

Length from top of shoulder, 18 (19) (19½) inches.

Length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½) (18) inches.

THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles cast on 111 (119) (127) sts.

1st row Sl.1, k.1, "p.1, k.1, repeat from" to the last st., k.1.

2nd row Sl.1, "p.1, k.1, repeat from" to end of row.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 17 times.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows:—

1st row Sl.1, knit to end of row.

2nd row Sl.1, purl to the last st., k.1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once.

Continue in st. st. increasing once at each end of the next and every following 6th row until there are 131 (139) (147) sts. on the needle.

Commencing with a purl row, work 33 (33) (39) rows in st. st. without shaping.

Shape the Armholes

Cast off 6 (6) (12) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Decrease once at each end of the next 12 rows, 95 (97) (99) sts.

Work 52 (52) (52) rows in st. st. without shaping.

Shape the Shoulders.

Cast off 10 (11) (11) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Cast off 11 (11) (11) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Cast off 11 (11) (12) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Cast off the remaining 31 (31) (31) sts.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 12 needles cast on 111 (119) (127) sts.

1st row Sl.1, k.1, "p.1, k.1, repeat from" to the last st., k.1.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 24 (26) (28) times, p.1, (p.1, k.1) 5 times, p.1, (p.1, k.1) 25 (27) (29) times.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 17 times.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows:—

1st row Sl.1, k.49 (53) (57), (p.1, k.1) 5 times, p.1, k.50 (54) (58).

2nd row Sl.1, p.50 (54) (58), (k.1, p.1) 5 times, p.49 (53) (57), k.1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once.

Continue in st. st. and keeping the centre panel in moss st. increase once at each end of the next and every following 6th row until there are 131 (139) (147) sts. on the needle.

Keeping the centre panel in moss st. and commencing with a purl row work 15 (15) (21) rows in st. st. without shaping.

Shape the Neck

1st row Sl.1, k.57 (61) (65), k.2 tog., increase once in the next st., (k.1, p.1) 4 times, k.1, increase once in the next st., sl.1 k.1, p.s.o., k.58 (62) (66).

2nd row Sl.1, p.50 (54) (58), p.2 tog., t.b.l., increase once in the next st., (p.1, k.1) 5 times, p.1, increase once in the next st., p.2 tog., p.50 (54) (58), k.1.

3rd row Sl.1, k.55 (59) (63), k.2 tog., increase once in the next st., (k.1, p.1) 6 times, k.1, increase once in the next st., sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., k.56 (60) (64).

4th row Sl.1, p.54 (58) (62), p.2 tog., t.b.l., increase once in the next st., (p.1, k.1) 7 times, p.1, increase once in the next st., p.2 tog., p.54 (58) (62), k.1.

5th row Sl.1, k.53 (57) (61), k.2 tog., increase once in the next st., (k.1, p.1) 8 times, k.1, increase once in the next st., sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., k.54 (58) (62).

6th row Sl.1, p.52 (56) (60), p.2 tog., t.b.l., increase once in the next st., k.2 tog., k.2 tog.



In the next st., (p.1, k.1) 9 times, p.1, increase once in the next st., p.2 tog., p.52 (56) (60), k.1.

7th row Sl.1, k.51 (55) (59), k.2 tog., (p.1, k.1) 4 times, cast off 7 sts. in pattern, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., k.52 (56) (60), turn.

Working on the first 61 (63) (65) sts., only proceed as follows:—

1st row Sl.1, purl to the last 10 sts., p.2 tog., t.b.l., (p.1, k.1) 4 times.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., knit to end of row.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 5 (5) (5) times, 49 (53) (57) sts.

Shape the Armhole

1st row Cast off 6 (6) (12) sts., k.2 tog., t.b.l., (p.1, k.1) 4 times.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., knit to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog., k.2 tog.

3rd row Sl.1, k.51 (55) (59), k.2 tog., (p.1, k.1) 4 times, cast off 7 sts. in pattern, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., k.52 (56) (60), turn.

Working on the first 61 (63) (65) sts., only proceed as follows:—

1st row Sl.1, purl to the last 10 sts., p.2 tog., t.b.l., (p.1, k.1) 4 times.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.o., knit to end of row.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 5 (5) (5) times, 49 (53) (57) sts.

Shape the Shoulder

1st row Cast off 10 (11) (11) sts., purl to the last 7 sts., (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, knit to end of row.

3rd row Cast off 11 (11) (11) sts., purl to the last 7 sts., (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1.

4th row Like the 2nd row.

5th row Cast off 11 (11) (12) sts., (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1.

Work 14 (14) (14) rows in moss st. on the remaining 8 (8) (8) sts.

Cast off in moss st. With the wrong side of the work facing, rejoin the wool to the remaining 61 (65) (69) sts. and proceed as follows:—

1st row (K.1, p.1) 4 times, p.2 tog., purl to the last st., k.1.

2nd row Sl.1, knit to the last 10 sts., (p.1, k.1) 4 times.

3rd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, p.2 tog., purl to the last st., k.1.

4th row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows once.

7th row K.2 tog., knit to the last 10 sts., increase once in the next st., (k.1, p.1) 4 times, k.1.

Repeat the 4th row once, the 3rd and 4th rows twice, the 7th row once, then the 4th row once, 32 (33) (34) sts.

Proceed as follows:—

1st row Sl.1, knit to the last 8 sts., (p.1, k.1) 4 times.

2nd row Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Continue in st. st. increasing once at each end of the next and every following 8th row until there are 89 (93) (97) sts. on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 17½ (17½) (18) inches from the commencement, ending on the wrong side of the work.

Shape the top

Cast off 6 (8) (10) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 12 rows, 83 (83) (83) sts.

Cast off 1 st. at the beginning of each of the next 30 rows, 17 (17) (17) sts.

Cast off the remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

Press each piece separately on the wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Sew the ends of the neckband together and placing the seam to the centre back of neck, sew in position across the back of the neck. Sew the buttons to the moss st. panel in pairs.

The 'sell' has an 'm' in it

THE smell is the sell. Those American grey-flannel-suit boys have decided that the way to win the heart of the housewives is with scent as well as sight.

To get them to buy frozen strawberries they have used for their magazine ads ink smelling of something so near to strawberries it makes the mouth water.

Then they offer: "YOU CAN ACTUALLY SMELL THE STRAWBERRIES ON THIS PAGE. TRY IT." You do — and you can.

The genius who thought up this gimmick is Alfred Newwald, president of the Fragrance Process Company. He first tried it out in April with an advertisement for refrigerators printed in pine green and smelling of pine needles.

A little later he did one for oranges in a newspaper, orange coloured and reeking of oranges which brought the orange buyers out in droves.

He started the idea with writing paper scented for mail order companies. Successful smells so far are chocolate milk, maple syrup, rose, and frankincense and myrrh (for a Bible publisher).

Some car firms are even scenting their mall with the sweet smell of new cars.

But perhaps his most ingenious creation to date was the hospital smell he worked out for an insurance company — a delicate blend of crocus, caribolic acid, tar, and iodoforn.

The advertisement read: "Remember this smell? One out of every three families will have a dear one going to the hospital this year!"

And still on the scent...

THE dressmakers do it. The cornetists do it. Now a milliner has decided to try his luck with a new scent. Anne Tharup is launching "Triomphe" all packed up in a little hat-box lined with royal purple satin.

Patricia Laffan, his partner, tells me that they kept samples of seven different smells, tried them out on the women who were buying hats, and asked their opinion.

"They scorned the musky vamp-with-her-dia-buried-in-sables kind. They hated the sweet, sweet seventeen smell. And they picked one that was light, dry, and subtle."

"I should compare it with my favourite wine—Fouilly Fuisse," she added.

The scent, complete with hat-box, costs £3 3s. Toilet water to match costs £1 1s.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

By Alice Denhoff

IF the meat course seems a bit scant, it's wise to serve the vegetables that accompany it in some unusual way.

For example, curried celery is delightful with any meat dish but especially with pork or poultry.

To serve 4-5, cook 2 c. coarsely diced celery until just tender in 1 c. boiling water and ½ tsp. salt. Drain off liquid and reserve.

Slice 1 medium-sized apple and 1 small onion and fry in 1½ tsp. butter or margarine over medium heat.

Remove from pan. Blend in 1 tsp. flour, the celery, pepper, tsp. curry powder, ¼ to ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. black pepper. Add the celery, onions and apples; cook slowly about 2 min.

Stuffed Mushrooms

Stuffed fresh mushrooms star on the appetizer tray. They also add interest to many meat dishes.

Wash 14 to 20 mushrooms and remove stems, chopping these finely. Saute in tsp. butter or margarine with tsp. grated onion.

Mix in 3 tsp. fine dry bread crumbs, ¼ c. finely chopped fresh tomato, 2 tsp. devilled ham, tsp. grated sharp Cheddar cheese, tsp. fresh lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.

Stuff mixture into mushroom caps. Broil on baking sheet until brown (15 to 20 min.).

Garnish each with a very small piece of parsley. Serve hot.

Sauce For Vegetables

For a nice sauce to serve with hot beets, cauliflower, spinach or kale, combine ¼ c. mayonnaise, ¼ tsp. salt, tsp. prepared mustard in top of double boiler.

Gradually add ¼ c. milk, stirring after each addition until smooth.

Cook over boiling water 5 min., stirring constantly. Cook carefully. If over-cooked, sauce will curdle. Should be used at once.

To add an extra touch of interest and fine flavour to spinach, steam spinach as usual.

In a double boiler slowly heat a tin of grapefruit sections and liquid. Toss together heated grapefruit, liquid and spinach which has been drained, chopped and seasoned with pepper and salt to taste. Serve immediately.

As for toys, anything that can be pulled, pushed, fixed together or made to do something will delight the children. A flimsy plaything in the hands of a small child is a total loss and is soon broken or out of order.

Outlets of wood can be purchased quite cheaply at a furniture factory and with a little ingenuity they can be turned into a variety of toys which will keep the children happy for hours.

Because, say the experts, as dominant colours they are overpowering and produce irritation.

A culprit

Electric blue is another culprit. A patch of this is evidently bound to cause you stormy moments. Wearing, but no worse, I should say, than that sinking feeling likely to result from a surfeit of matt ultramarine.

Clear, pale blues, however, give a sense of airy spaciousness. With green, it depends. Yellow-greens are soothing, blue-greens not; although the latter can dignify a room.

But faintly tinted greys never gave any one a headache.

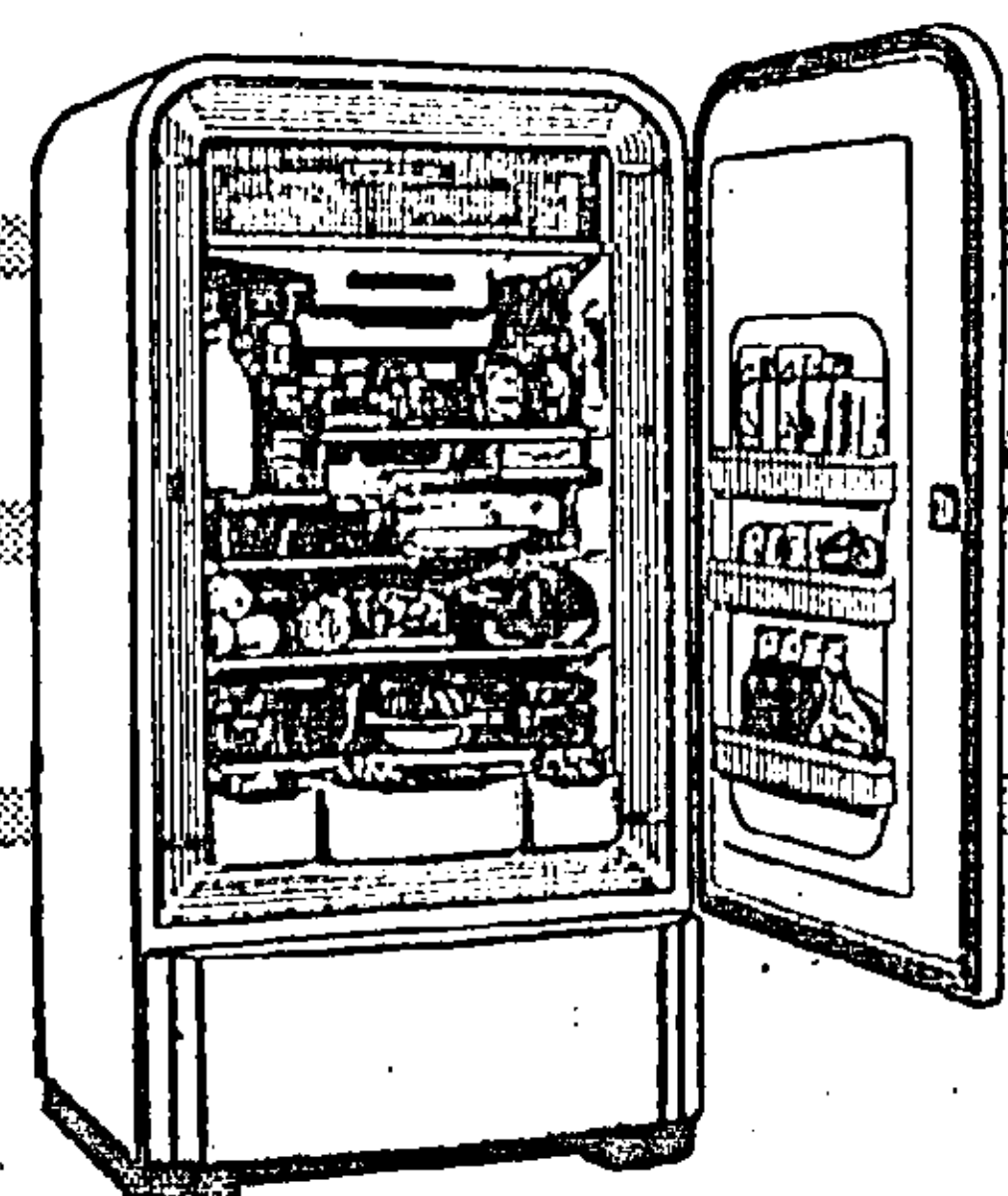
—SUSAN HICKLIN

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SHOWROOM: ALEXANDRA ARCADE

How much must Civilisation depend on the man in tune with the masses?

THE ANTICS OF KROBO

From JOHN REDFERN

Accra. GHANA'S No. 2 man, Krobo Edusei, is beginning to overshadow his chief, Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah.

Since his appointment as Minister of the Interior, Krobo has never stopped throwing his weight about. He stunts, and rumpuses, makes blood-chilling speeches (some of which he daries next morning), while Nkrumah becomes more and more withdrawn from the political hurly-burly.

Krobo's recent antics—threatening a Bill to ban all regional, tribal, and religious parties in Ghana, and bawling his intention to arrest members of the Opposition—make some of the more moderate Ministers wince.

But he remains in office, propped by an indulgent Prime Minister. Krobo blurs things out, even high policy decisions, because he loves to give his opponents gooseflesh. Nkrumah has no doubts about his loyalty, and Nkrumah has a lot of doubt about some of his colleagues.

Showboy

But Nkrumah must not give Krobo too much latitude. Already the No. 2 man has moved into the position Nkrumah has long enjoyed—the spell-binding "showboy" that gains who is always on the wavelength of the African masses.

Krobo today is a well-dressed dream of glory come true. Born 41 years ago in an Ashanti village, of poor parents, he had little education. When he first stood for Parliament in 1951 he could hardly string two sen-

tences together in English. When he is excited—his usual condition—Krobo's English is of the "pidgin" brand. Often he plays the comic.

Yet he has gifts as an orator, whether using straight English, pidgin, or the Twi (pronounced chwee) language in which he often speaks he gets across immediately.

He loves to mix in a phrase or two of Western politicians' jargon. When he is in a tough mood he gives the delighted audience the impression that the land will soon flow with the blood of Prime Minister Nkrumah's enemies but strictly in accordance with the principles of the ballot box.

Reporter

One of Krobo's first jobs was as a messenger on an Ashanti newspaper. He rose to be a debt collector and then reporter. He was sacked repeatedly, but always got back.

His first act when invited to be Minister of the Interior was to telephone his old employer's wife, tell her the big news, and warn her that the Ashanti people must look out.

When it was suggested later this was rather an irregular proceeding, Krobo was surprised. "But missus (meaning Mrs. Tibo, the employer's wife) is my mother and my father. For 11 years I work for her."

Since entering Parliament in 1951 Krobo had been clowning, threatening, climbing.

He had resigned as Minister of the Interior for following disapproval in the report of an official inquiry into allegations against various Ministers.

But he was quickly back as Minister without Portfolio and then as Minister of Communications—all £3,000-a-year jobs.

WILL DESIREE WED THE EX-KING?



Ex-KING SIMEON—RUMOURS BUZZ IN STOCKHOLM

ANOTHER romance rumour sweeps Swedish royal circles—already preoccupied with the love of Princess Margaret and Robin Douglas-Home. This time the whippersnappers concern Margaret's sister, Princess Desiree, 19 (above), and ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria, 20, exiled 11 years ago.

They were at school together and he is often her partner at Stockholm parties. Recently Simeon was a guest of the royal family for a shooting holiday at their summer residence on an island in the Baltic.

THE KING AND "I"

BANGKOK.

THREE outstandingly gifted Oriental big business men have had a serious falling out here in Siam. And now the dust has settled, we find one of them—an old pro named Pibul Songgram—languishing in neighbourly Cambodia.

The second—his name is Sriyannond Phao (pronounced Pow)—is even further away in Switzerland, while sitting back in triumph to enjoy fat and new undisputed profits is number three, Sarit Phanarat.

But, not content with big business, these three astute and dexterous operators held extra jobs on the side. For instance, Pibul Songgram was, until recently, the Prime Minister of Siam.

In his spare time, Phao was also chief of a 50,000-man-strong police force, complete with such novel police features as paratroops and tank units.

And sole survivor Sarit, now boss of all he surveys, wears the uniform of an army field-marshal.

But don't let any of that fool you.

Until Sarit decided to muscle in on the other two a few weeks back, Phao owned a bank, a hotel, a string of private houses, and was the majority shareholder in many a big industrial concern.

Ex-Premier Pibul has not perhaps done quite so well.

In Siam politics is big business, thus it is costly. Large amounts were always coming in to Pibul's bank accounts—but then a good deal was always going out again too, what with buying large chunks of votes and so forth.

Moreover all three men were energetic newspaper publishers.

THE PAPERS

Sarit's papers would show grave concern over the constant corruption scandals in Phao's police force. Phao's papers revealed and deplored Field-Marshal Sarit's thriving commercial connections. And Premier Pibul's papers busily clicked their tongues over both Phao and Sarit.

Bangkokers speak with grudging admiration of the "opium war" spiritedly fought between the police and the army. Lorries running contraband opium were regularly hijacked by both sides. On one occasion, when the army tried to seize a consign-

BAD GUESS

In the Second World War he calculated that Japan would win and ludicrously declared war on Britain and America. That turned out to be poor judgment, but Pibul survived it and of late years he has been pro-American.

He has sided with the West politically and led Siam into membership of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation, the Nato counterpart for this side of the world.

But what caused Sarit suddenly to decide to put his commercial rivals out of business?

For he has been fond of saying he was no politician. But he could not help taking note of Phao's 50,000 policemen, which began to look out of proportion to Sarit's own 80,000-man army.

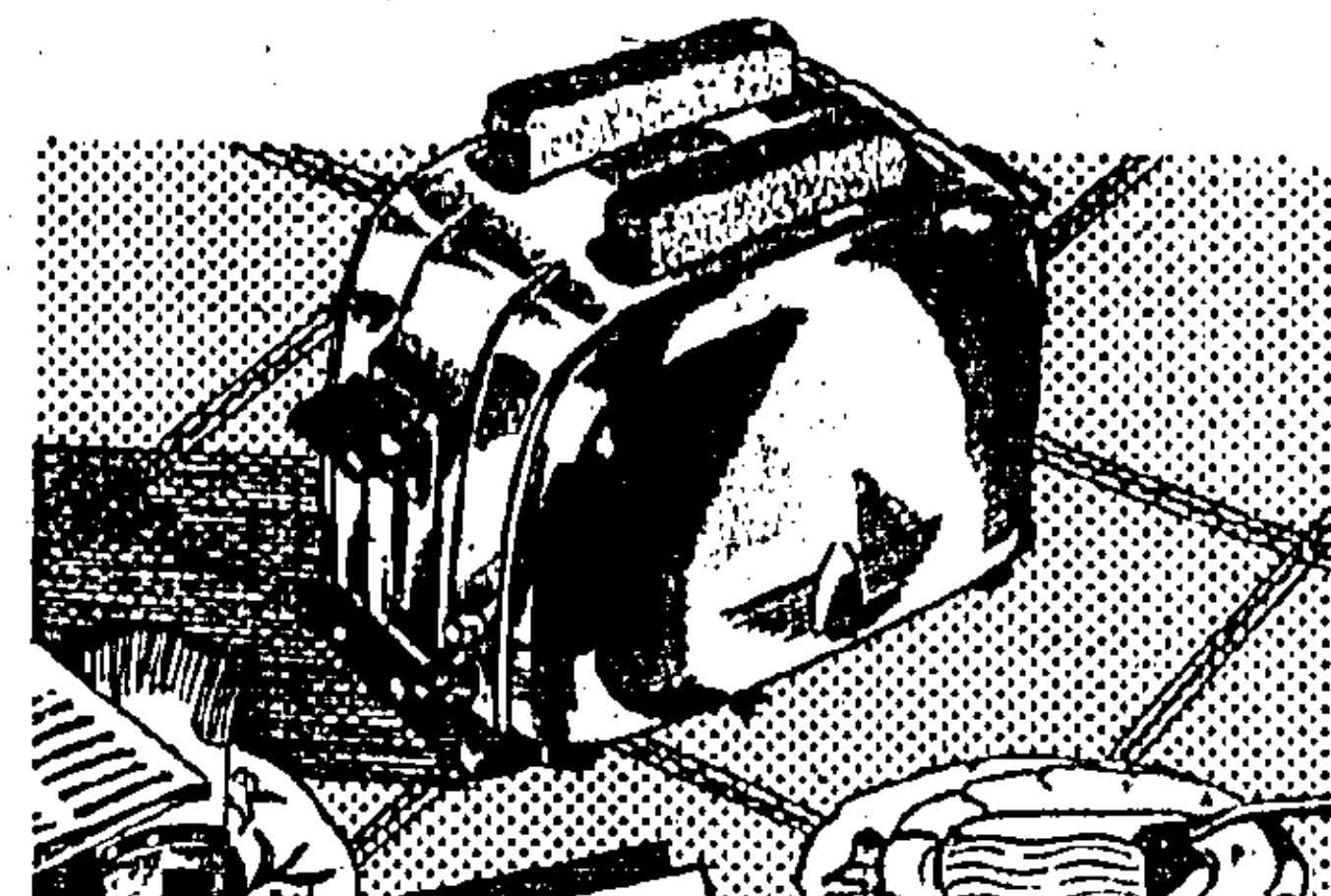
Sarit might have been content just to get rid of Phao and let Pibul stay on as Premier. But some of his own men decided that Pibul "must" go.

Phao—who always boasted of his luck and who used to write magazine articles as "Policeman No. 13"—realized that, for him the game was up.

So it's all Sarit's now, and he can talk about "The King and I," knowing that for the time being there is nobody else.

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Heppily complacent in peace;
resolute and courageous in the storm.

Are the English a race of geniuses?

AMERICANS continually, in spite of other attractions and almost against their will, turn their eyes back to Europe. This is especially true about Britain. Or let us be frank and say England.

The Irish, the Scots, the Welsh do not present the same problem. But the English are a perpetual problem. Are they great or are they phoney? And they are a race of born geniuses, or just lucky? Above all, are they coming or going?

There were no doubt questions which the origin.

UP COUNTRY by THURLOW CRAIG

Two crows dive to the rescue

I HEARD a mewing cry, came out from our honeysuckle-covered veranda, and looked up the mountain. There on the tall larch at the top of the orchard perched a great buzzard.

Then sounded the harsh call of two carrion crows from the oak tree in the valley below, and I would have reached for my gun had it not been for the strange, anxious air of these noxious feathered friends.

Carrion birds though crow and buzzard be, the latter is by far the nobler, capable of descending to a full-grown rabbit and bearing it away to his nest high up in the rocky outcrops. But there's the rub, nowadays—no rabbits. So what should a poor buzzard do save what this one was about to attempt, a raid on my neighbour's chicken run?

FAST, DEADLY

Down silent, fast, and deadly swooped the great bird of prey on wide-spread wings until, with raucous cry, and untidy feathers a-flap, the two crows set upon him. He side-slipped, he rolled, a peevish, mewing wall escaped his terrible hooked beak and next moment he was away at full speed up the mountain side with nothing in his long-gauged talons.

Fatally the victors perched until a stupid fowl started forth with the hysterical clucking clucks that announce the arrival of a new-laid egg.

Down then shot the crows like two black arrows, shortly to rejoin with egg-stained bills. Now high and silent over the valley circled two buzzards. Lower and lower they flew, but this time the crows

By WALTER ELLIOT, MP

Virginian and New England settlers discussed endlessly with the Red. They have haunted the minds of Americans ever since. All this reached flash-point in the greatest and most American of American authors, Mark Twain. Finally, he re-wrote Malory through the eyes of David Ramsey, his unrivalled combination of satire and science-fiction. A Yankee At the Court of King Arthur.

Now comes Drew Middleton; not merely a traveller but a resident. He knows the Village of London through and through. He has seen Britain both in war and in peace. He has mixed with our factory-workers and with our armies overseas. He can compare his long experience of our country with a sojourn in Germany, also as a newspaper correspondent from 1945 to 1953.

Here is the vast American appetite for facts. Here is information by the sackful on every kind of subject—the National Health Service, politics, the Daily Mirror, Lord Woolton, Lord Beaverbrook, Maudie Littlehampton of the Daily Express, the wages of coalminers, and the fact that in Britain we read nearly double as many newspapers per head as do the people of the United States.

Also, there is the true correspondent's power of spotlighting an anecdote to illuminate a chapter. As witness: "After all, Nye's his own worst enemy, someone once remarked to Ernie Bevin. 'Not while I'm alive, 'e ain't,' said Ernie."

Drew and You

Drew Middleton is continually torn between the greatness he has seen this people display, and the trivialities, the complacencies, the sloths, with which they love to surround themselves. He comes down, decisively, on the side of their greatness. "Kindly, energetic, ambitious and too often happily complacent in peace; most resolute, courageous and tough-minded in the storms that have beaten about their islands since the dawn of the Christian era." But the question has been put. The very emphasis of his reply betrays a doubt.

*The British by Drew Middleton. Secker and Warburg, 25s.

US and Us

Also, he thinks, that the stupid people have often been right. After the Second World War had burst, it occurred to many... that the Ulms had known what they were talking about! (an opinion incidentally shared by J. M. Keynes). All this will be intensely annoying to the Superior Persons, and to the Angry Young Men. But they are the views of a New Yorker from Syracuse University; and he has thought about them for the last 18 years.

Drew Middleton's special contribution is his discomfit of the advent, in our economic life, of a gigantic new class, a new working class "self-satisfied with themselves and their lot; impossible to rouse save by any policy that appears to endanger their now position." This gives him considerable uneasiness. But it is not, as Mr Middleton supposes, something appearing for the first time in history.

It is the reincarnation of a very old and very stable phenomenon, that of men completely identified with their economic attachment, the Man in his Job, the old peasantry upon the land; and the new rollers, dug in upon their industrial small-holdings, with the trade unions for their watch-towers. What their eventual outlook may be, what their reactions, may well keep us guessing. Once, they went on the Crusades.

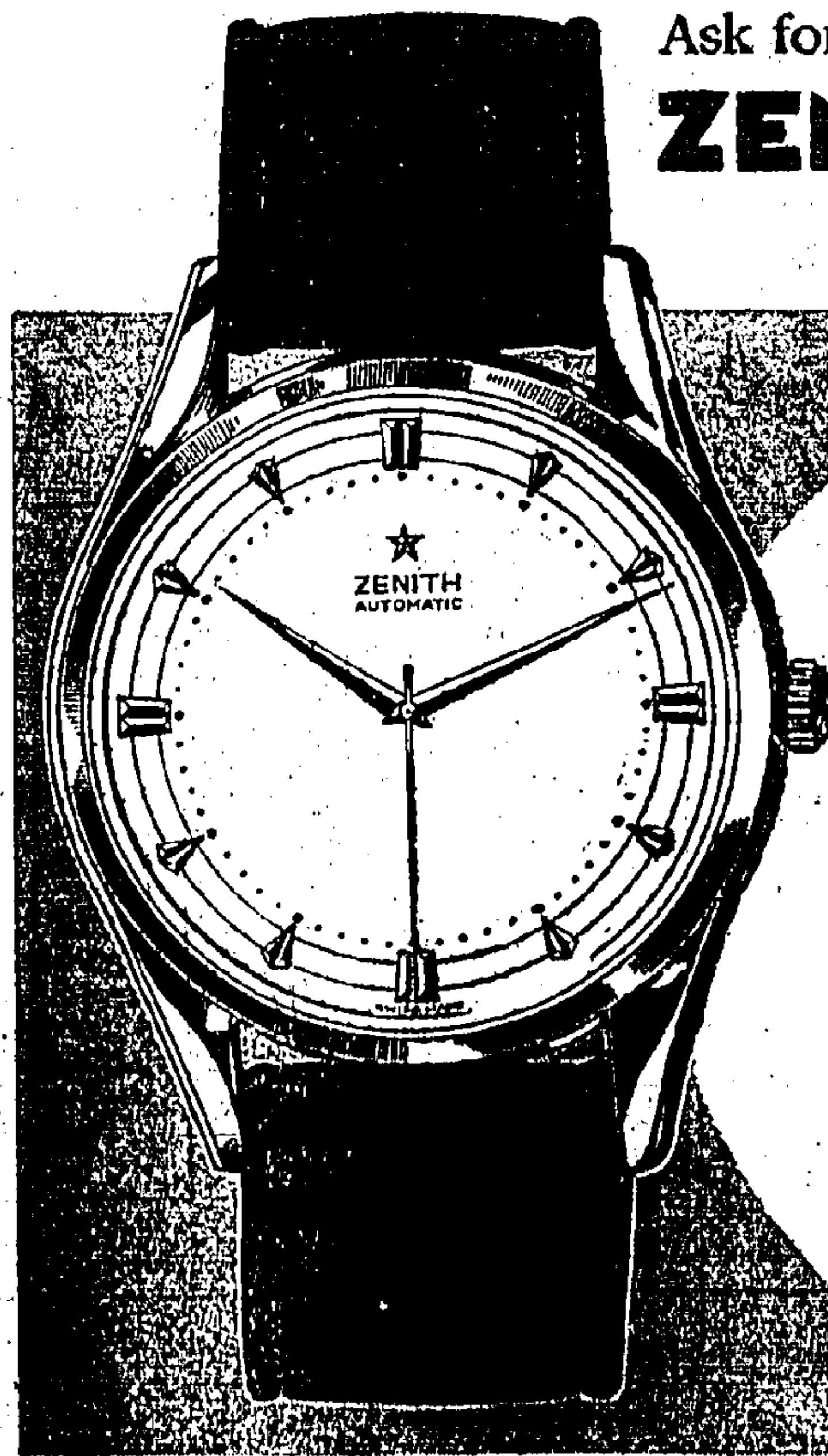
This is a book of cine-drm, brilliantly selected, most sympathetically produced, shot by the Yankee on his Yankee to the Court of King Arthur. It is certainly fascinating to us, it will be interesting to hear what the folks back home have to say about it.

(London Express Service)

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as quality

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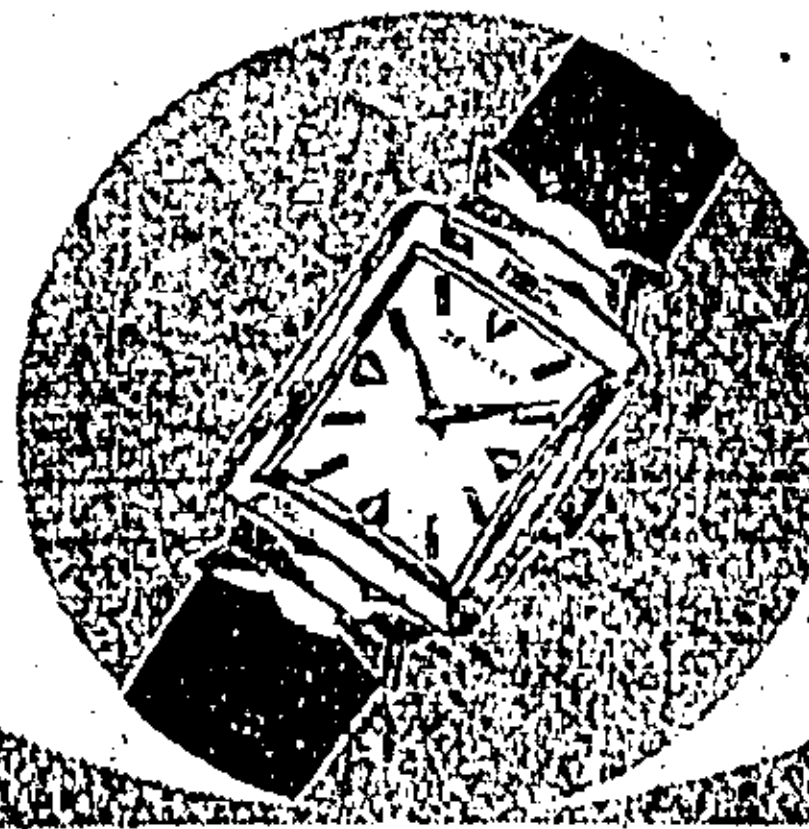
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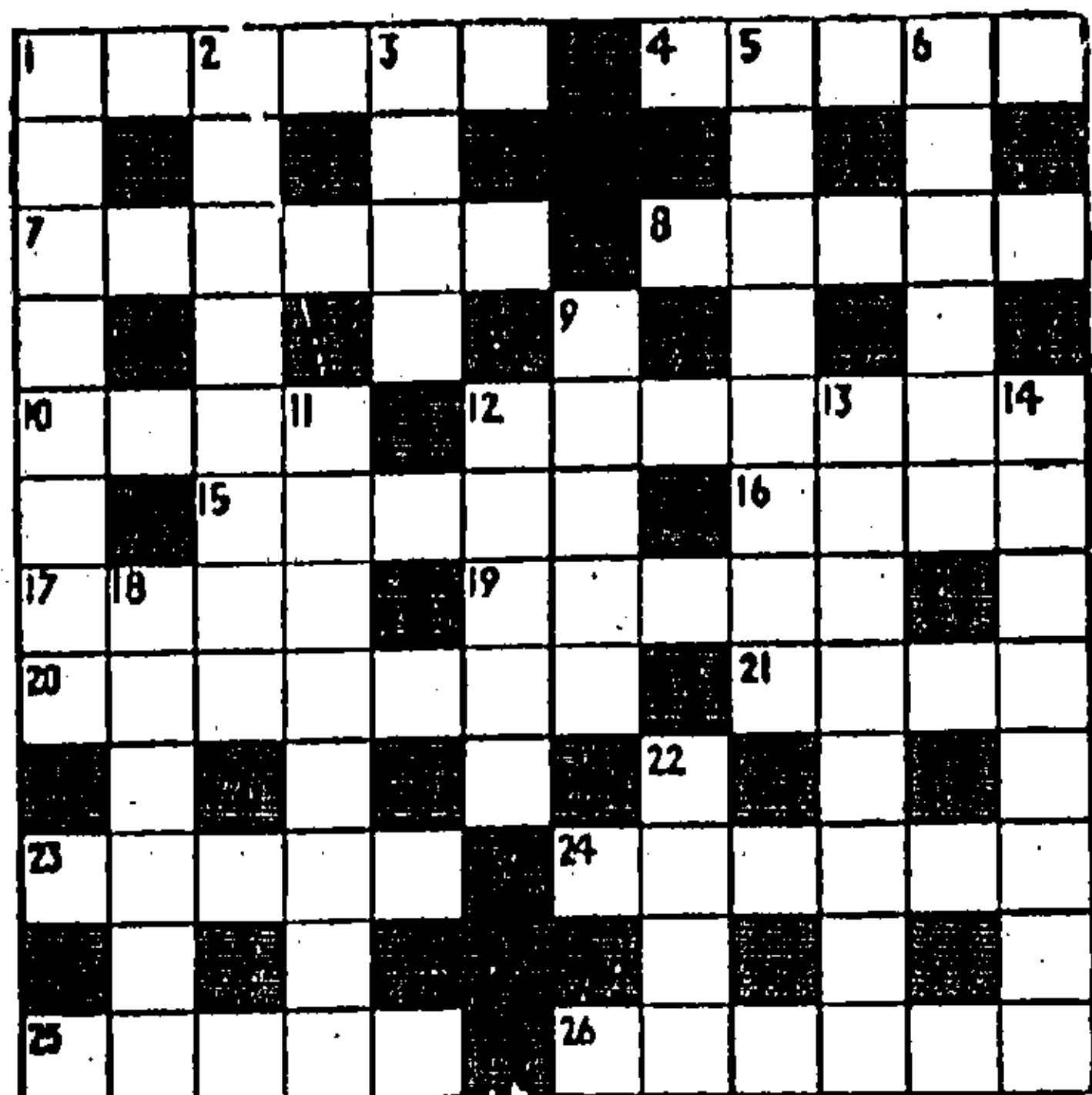
The Lost Chord brings Mr. Heath down to earth

RECORD ROUND

THE gramophone record was 38 years old and sounded every day of it. But despite the cracks and the scratches the tune was still recognisable as The Lost Chord.

Ted Heath said: "Hear that trombonist? ME. I was busking in the streets then. We called ourselves the Ex-Service Bandmen. Life was hard for musicians after the 1914-18 war."

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
1 May describe "an objection" (6).
4 Plane in the sky (5).
7 Brought to naught (6).
9 Hardly one's heart's (5).
10 Sprat to catch a mackerel, perhaps (4).
12 Chinese beats (7).
13 Once royal seat (5).
14 Foker stake (4).
17 Allowance for waste (4).
19 Gutsy (5).
20 Blood relation (7).
21 Mark the flesh (4).
22 Go into raptures over (5).
23 Statement about wine? (6).
25 Unlike Ethelred (5).
26 Be present and take notice (6).

DOWN
1 Well curious? (8).
2 Mouth-like opening (8).
3 Gave away narrowly (4).
5 Unhappy as the oxen (8).
6 A lot off the stage (6).
8 Victim, perhaps (5).
11 And torn? (8).
12 Go a short (5).
13 Something for the story-teller (8).
14 Kept out of sight (8).
15 Childish problem (6).
16 What the lover gives the winner (4).
18 (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Corporal, 8 Dalmian, 9 Destined, 11 Sentence, 12 More, 13 Scram, 14 Eagle, 15 Oval, 22 Versions, 24 Pantoral, 25 Ceren, 26 Rattles. Down: 1 A-hare, 2 Blank, 3 Calene, 4 Quiet, 5 Fate, 6 Ransom, 7 Linder, 10 Scrag, 14 Racer, 15 Measles, 16 Cooper, 17 Nasser, 20 Homer, 21 Pain, 22 Volt, 23 Race.

Today, however, life smiles with considerable warmth on Ted Heath. From the plush-cushioned comfort of a deep armchair in the high, spacious lounge of his 10-bedroomed Wimbledon home the Grand Old (but jaunty) Man of British jazz said: "I don't ever want that record to wear out. It is a constant reminder of how tough life can treat you. A necessary reminder. For it doesn't pay to get too cocky when you are a success."

Deceptive

Ted Heath, the man whose band has topped the British polls for the past 10 years and who conducts it with an apparent, but deceptive, indifference, went on: "I am off to tour America this month. They love the band there. On our last jaunt the New York Times called us 'the kind of versatile, highly skilled band that has all but disappeared from our shores.' And there was a black market in the tickets for our concerts. Success is assured. But the first thing I'll do when I come back is to play The Lost Chord."

I asked Ted Heath what portion of his teenage following he had lost to the skiffle groups, the Teddy Boys of jazz.

"Skiffle," said Heath, looking like a person who had just used a filthy word, "skiffle is something that is played more often than not by unskilled amateurs. It is a kind of do-it-yourself music and often sounds like it. It is also on the way out. Most skiffle groups I have watched have been made up of unclean, unshaven and untidy performers. There is no necessity to be unclean to play music."

"As I tell my own bandmen, 'Having a haircut and washing does not spoil your tone.'"

Heath himself dresses like a favourite uncle, and a rich one, to boot. The white shirt has solid (but discreet) cuff-links. The suit is a grey herringbone, Savile Row tailored, of course. As he poured drinks (orange juice for himself) I said: "You are not generally known as an art connoisseur, but from here that picture above the grand piano looks like a Velasquez."



TED HEATH—it doesn't pay to get too cocky.

by
RAMSDEN GREIG

Not that good

He said: "Business is good, but not all that good. That's a Velasquez copy by an unknown painter. The picture and the frame cost me £10. It helps fill up the wall."

Today Ted Heath sets one less against the profits of his big band business. His own powerhouse swing unit has blasted his left ear drum. He told me: "I've had temporary repairs done on it to carry over my trip to America. When I come back I might have an operation. It's all very embarrassing. You don't expect the top British band to have a half-deaf leader. It has one advantage though. When anyone asks me to play a waltz, I listen to them with my left ear."

Recently Ted Heath has taken to transporting himself around the country in a gleaming £2,000 Jaguar. A little self-consciously. He explained: "I've got to keep up with my bandmen. My old car had become the worst-looking vehicle in the band."

Hear Heath, without danger to your eardrums, on A Yank In Europe (Decca 33). Twelve compositions of Richard Scott are here put on record for the first time.

(London Express Service).

Miss Cartland pours out her passion to a schoolmaster...

ROBERT PITMAN'S
BOOK PAGE



...and keeps her memories around her four-poster

"Oh, no. The heroes are always tall and dark — because that's my own favourite sort of man. And there's always a sweet, innocent little flower. That's really me, of course."

I said: "What about your books of advice on marriage?"

"Ah, I call them my sociological treatises. I can never pronounce it."

Miss Cartland did not need to pronounce it. As I sat on the settee she had already handed me a printed brochure about herself. Her 77 books were listed, including:

SOCIOLOGY:
"Marriage for Moderns"
Be vivid be vital
Love life and sex

While Miss Cartland talked about love, life, and sex, I glanced at the rest of the brochure. I read:

"In private life Miss Cartland, who is Commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a County Councillor, is married to Mr. Hugh McCord, the well-known gameshot."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"When Flora Robson played in a comedy a woman said to me: 'Oh, she was funny enough, but if I go to a play with Flora Robson in it, I want to see her murder someone.'"

From ACTRESS by Yvonne Mitchell (Routledge, 15s.).

Miss Mitchell's story of her own career is specially designed as a guide for the stage-struck. I commend it strongly to all Mrs. Worthingtons.

The ideal

On the big settee we talked about the other Cartland novels (sample titles: A Virgin in Mayfair, Cupid Hides in Filion, Love Forbidden, Love is an Eagle).

In one novel the illegitimate daughter of an acrobat makes good by marrying Pimples, an actor. In another the hero runs off berserk into the Highlands when his bride reveals on their wedding-night that she has Negro blood.

Miss Cartland told me: "The stories are not meant to be true to life. They provide women with the ideal. And they're still selling quite as well as ever."

I said: "Have you altered your style of story?"

100 head of cattle. Shorthorns. I've named all the cows after the heroines in my novels."

We talked about Miss Cartland's work as county councillor. ("In one old people's home the poor old men were crowded into a dormitory with a concrete floor. Even worse, they each had the name of their next of kin framed above the bed. Some of the unmarried matrons are dreadfully urking. I often wish I could organise a week-end in Paris for the matrons. I'm certain the old people would benefit.")

We talked on. About the advantage of using boot polish on the eyelashes ("It doesn't run like mascara when you cry"); about Miss Cartland's income from books. ("Someone said I had earned nearly £200,000, and I dare say that isn't far out"); about Miss Cartland's views on sex-education.

I looked at the Cartland brochure. I said:

"Miss Cartland's daughter, Raine, the famous beauty and councillor for the City of Westminster—is married to Mr. Gerald Legge, nephew and heir to the Earl of Dartmouth."

I said: "Did you carry out your views on education with Mrs. Legge?"

"Certainly. And with the boys. You see, my mother let me remain absolutely ignorant until I was eighteen and a half. But with my children I was absolutely frank from the cradle onwards."

A butler

I stood up to go. Miss Cartland said:

"But you must see my bedroom first."

I saw it. I saw the Spanish four-poster bed, with big carved Cupids on the posts. I saw the Victorian Cupids holding up the wall-lighting. I saw the shelves where Miss Cartland keeps all the knick-knacks which Raine and the boys gave her as children. She said:

"I love to keep all my really precious things round me in bed. Pretty things. It may seem tart. But I think it's right."

I agreed. Below, a butler in tails padded across the hall. I got into my small car. It felt smaller than ever. I drove down the Cartland drive and past the great ornamental gates. And later, in my dwarf flat, I took out my copy of the new Cartland book. I read it from cover to cover.

It was very like its author. Uninhibited, romantic, out of this world. Or, to put it briefly, absolutely splendid.

FICTION SHELF

by PHILIP OAKES

● ALL OF ONE COMPANY. By Donald Moore. Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. A salt water brother to The Cruel Sea. The story of a convoy battling through to Murmansk, with U-boats below, bombers above, and a pocket battleship to menace the last lap. Expert, and exciting, with attempts at lower deck idiom striking the only false note.

● HAMILTON AVENUE. By Ronald Byron. Constable. 15s. Life in a native town on the outskirts of Johannesburg, with black magic under the moon lighting. Toddy boys instead of young warriors, and protection racket taking the place of tribal wars. How a race survives, while torn between tradition and what passes for progress, told with humour and real tragic power.

● THE LANGUAGES OF LOVE. By Christina Brooke-Rose. Secker and Warburg. 15s. A funny, telling, first novel about a pretty young, egotistical who runs the gauntlet of love, languages, hot-headed men in the British Museum, to arrive at the true faith and the story of 14th century diphtheria. Sometimes aggressively intelligent; never merely smart.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Prize Winners

By Harry Weinert



NEWS OF A SUBSTANTIAL CASH PRIZE IS USUALLY FOLLOWED BY AN INFUX OF SHARE-THE-WEALTH RELATIVES.



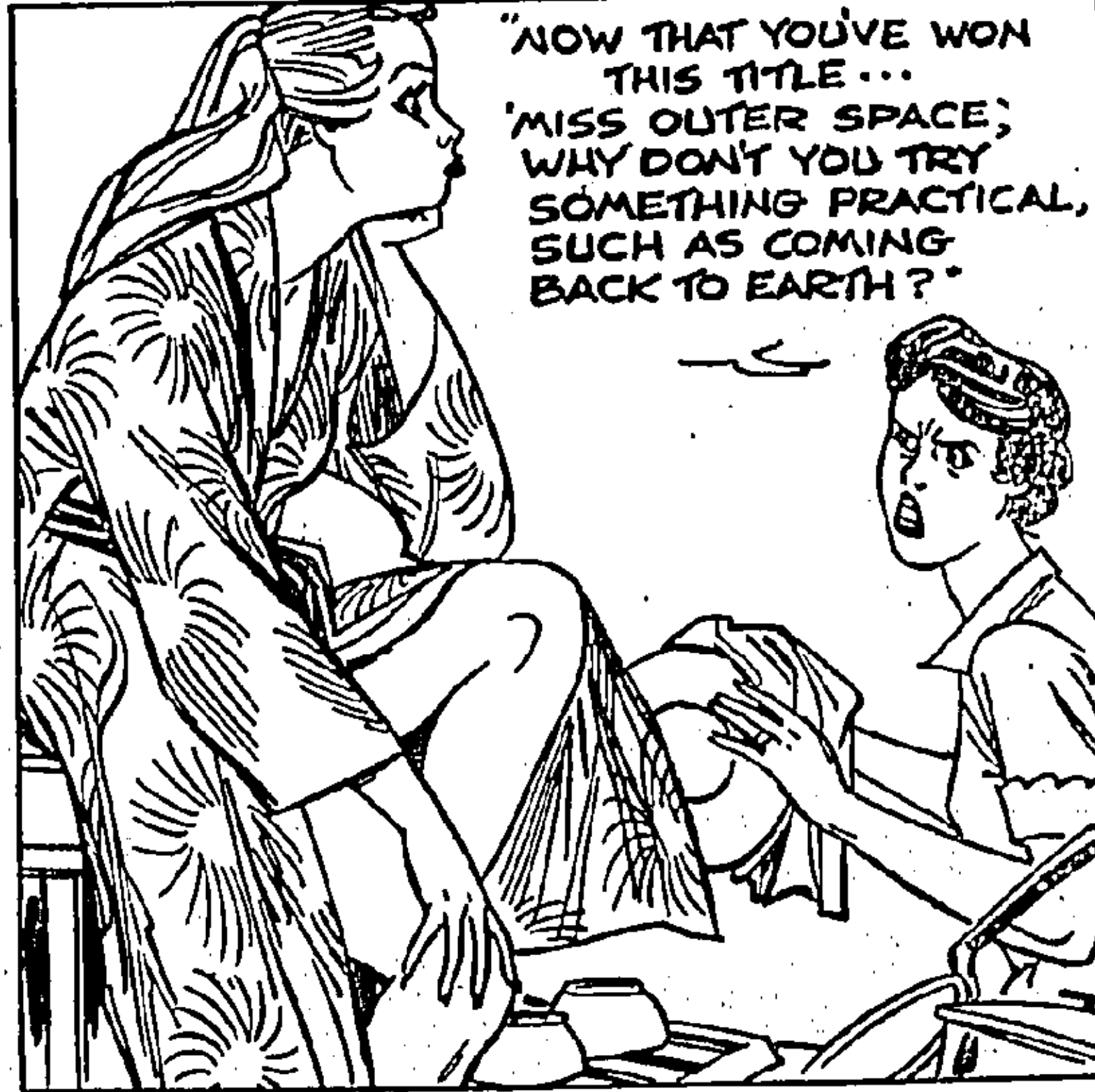
"WHAT'S EATING HIM?"

"HE'S JUST BEEN NOTIFIED THAT HE WON A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SOAP!"

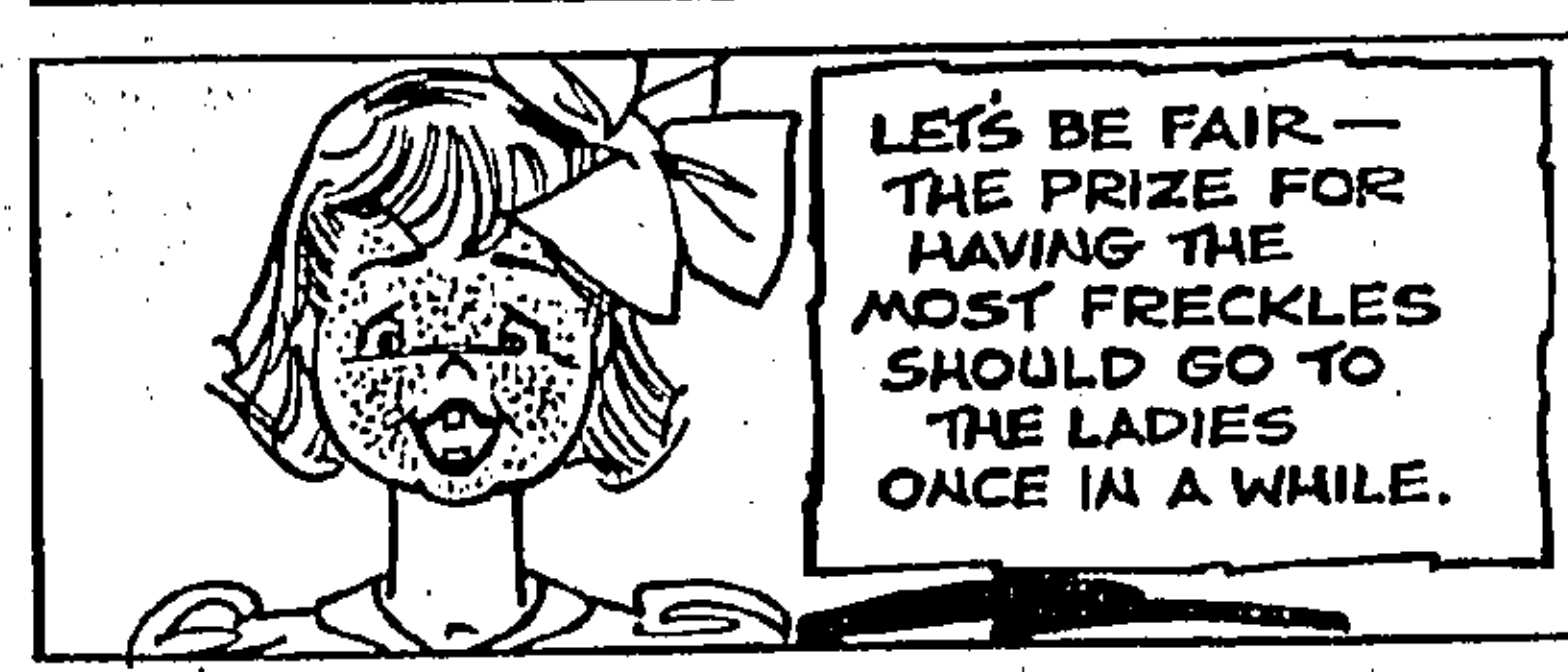


THE REAL PRIZE WINNERS ARE THE GUYS WHO WIN THE PRIZES—THIS COVERS A LOT OF GROUND—FROM TATTING CHAMP AT THE COUNTY FAIR TO THE QUEEN OF NATIONAL WHAT-HAVE-YOU WEEK.

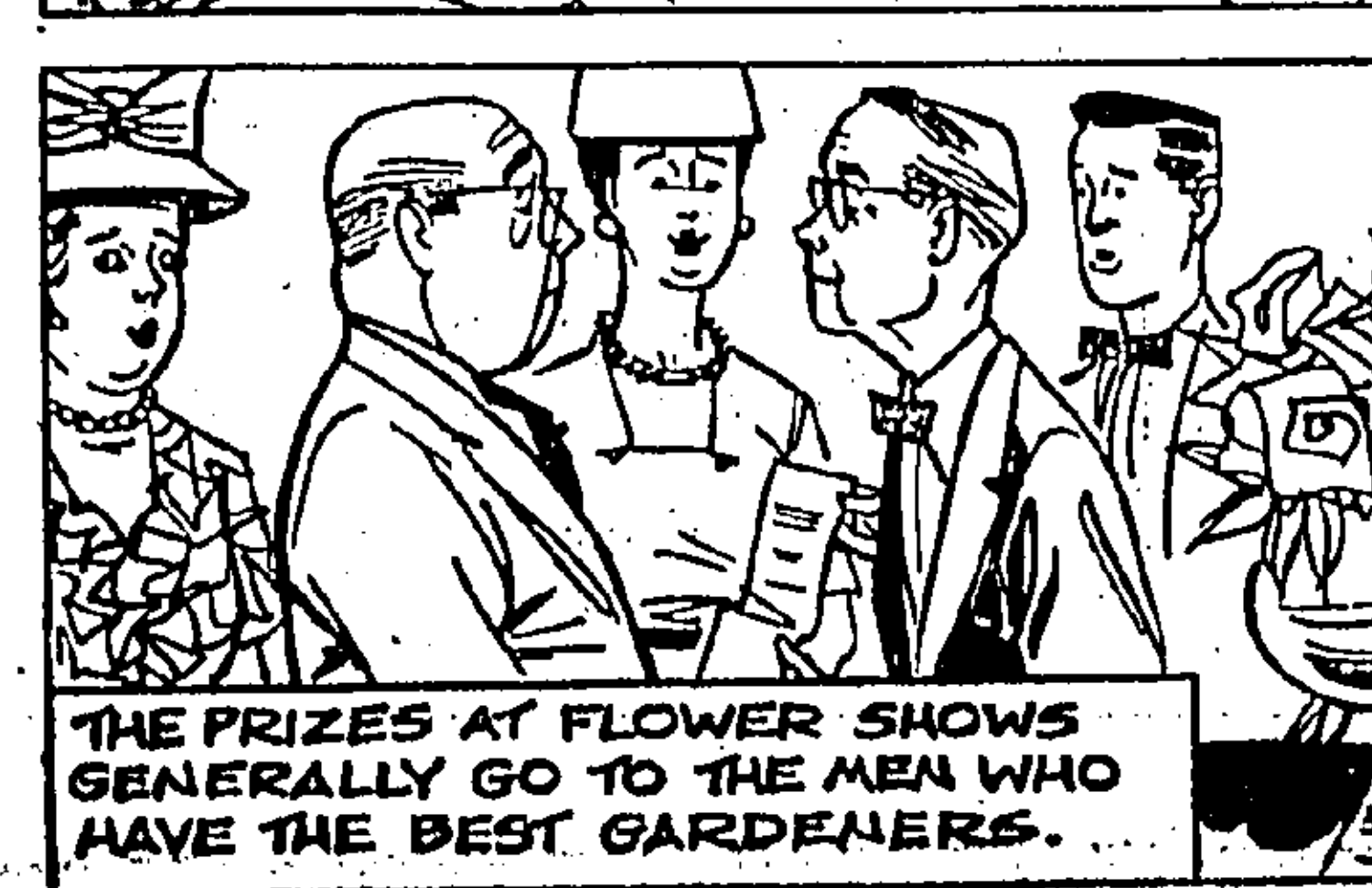
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"NOW THAT YOU'VE WON THIS TITLE... 'MISS OUTER SPACE,' WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOMETHING PRACTICAL, SUCH AS COMING BACK TO EARTH?"



LET'S BE FAIR—THE PRIZE FOR HAVING THE MOST FRECKLES SHOULD GO TO THE LADIES ONCE IN A WHILE.

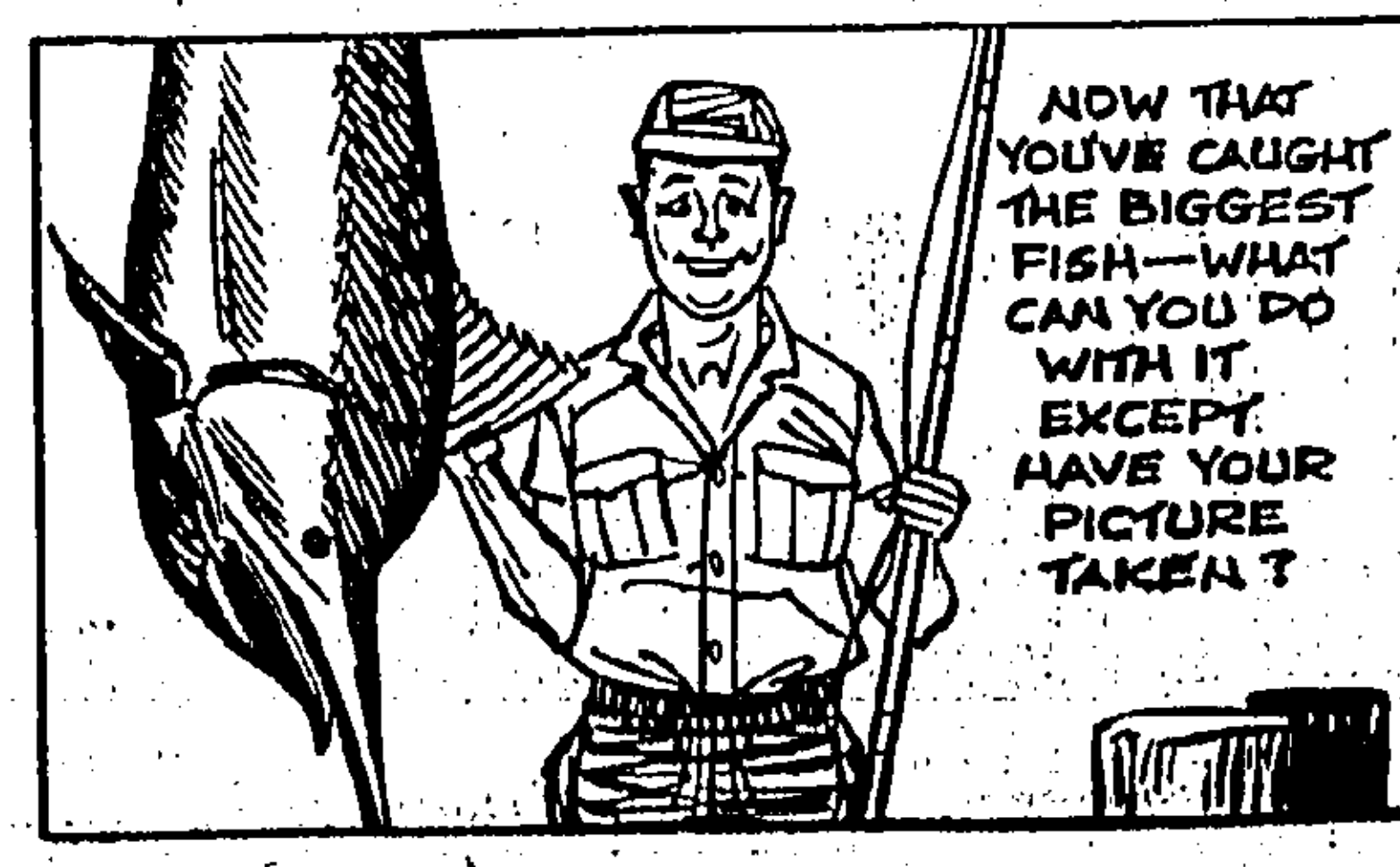


THE PRIZES AT FLOWER SHOWS GENERALLY GO TO THE MEN WHO HAVE THE BEST GARDENERS.



"YOU-HOO—PENELOPE! COUNT SAMSON CALYPSO WON!"

BROADCASTING THE MOMENTOUS NEWS TO AN ANXIOUS PUBLIC.



NOW THAT YOU'VE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISH—WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH IT EXCEPT HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN?

**Suggestions
for your
RECORD LIBRARY**

SYMPHONY IN B FLAT MAJOR, Op. 20
(Chausson)
Jean Fournet conducting l'Orchestre des Concerts
Pasdeloup.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HAYDN, Op. 56a
(Brahms)
Willem van Otterloo conducting the Residency
Orchestra (The Hague).

SIEGFRIED IDYLL
(Wagner)
Willem van Otterloo conducting the Berlin
Philharmonic Orchestra

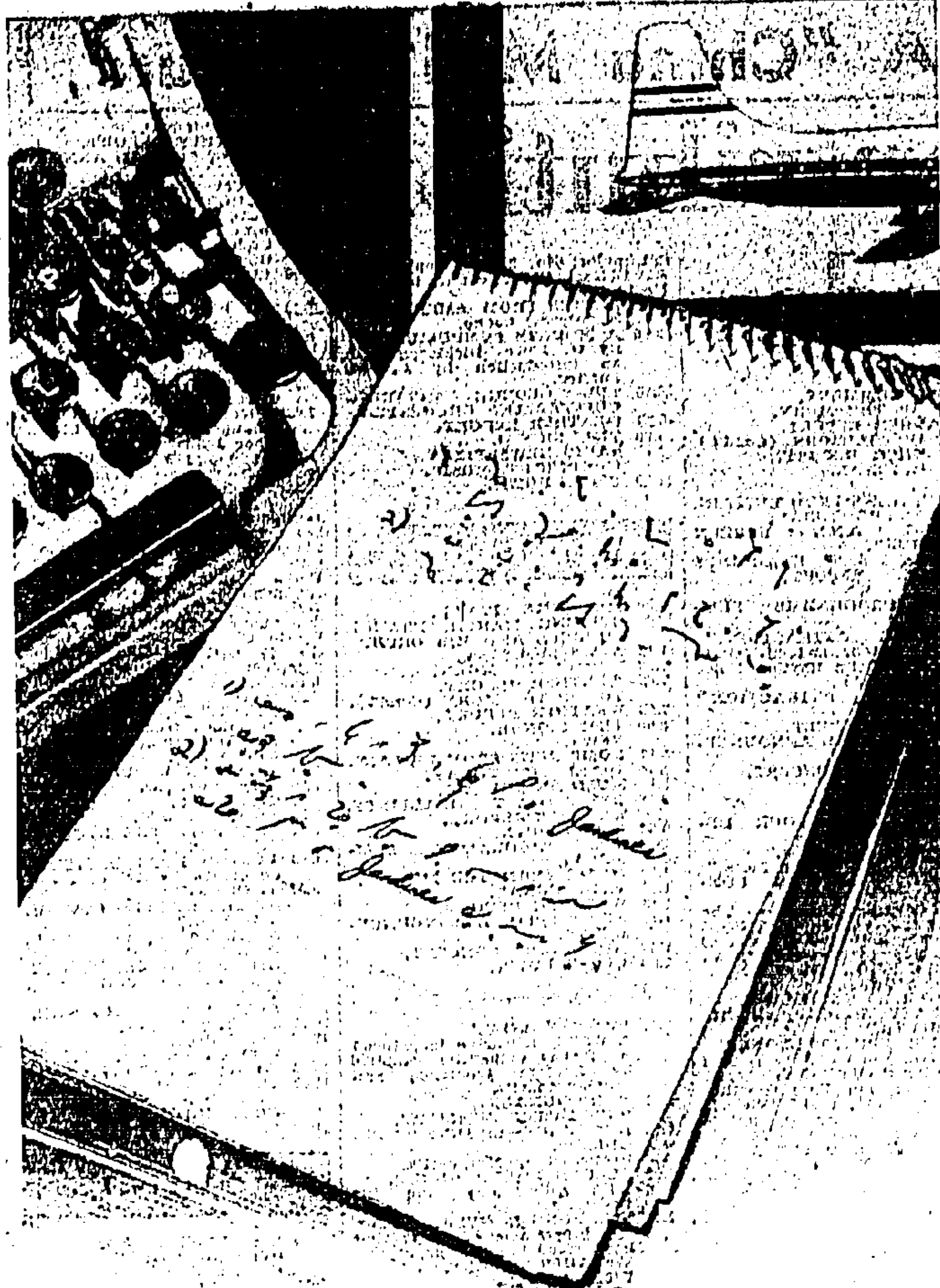
**SYMPHONY No. 3 IN E FLAT MAJOR,
Op. 97 "Rhenish"**
(Schumann)
Carlo Zecchi conducting the Concertgebouw
Orchestra, Amsterdam.

SYMPHONY No. 92 IN G MAJOR "Oxford"
(Haydn)
Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague
Philharmonic Orchestra.

SYMPHONY No. 35 IN D MAJOR "Haffner"
Fritz Lehmann conducting the Berlin
Philharmonic Orchestra.

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To make your reservations telephone 63311, or call at our Booking Office in Alexandra House, Des Voeux Road, Our Cargo Office is also located here.

ITCHY SCALP?

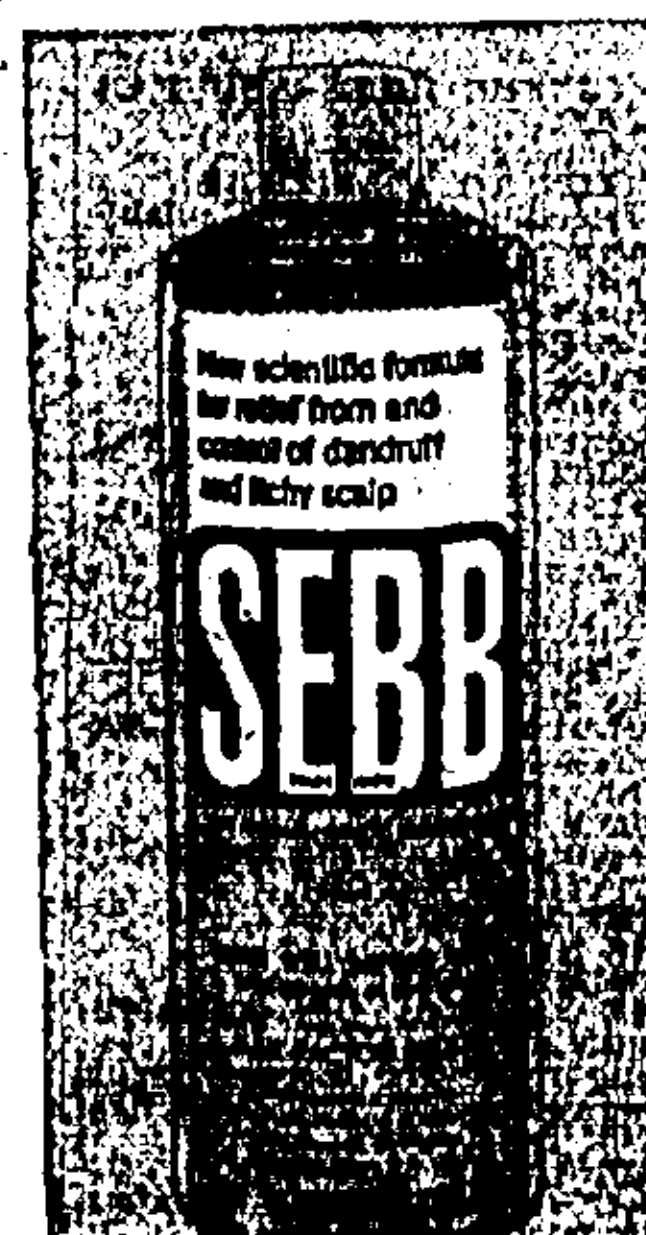


NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA STOPS DANDRUFF AND ITCHY SCALP

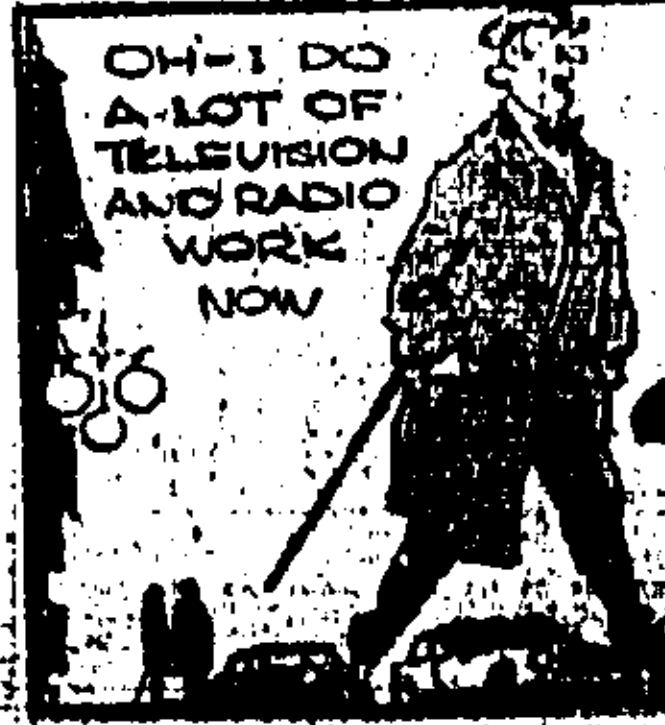
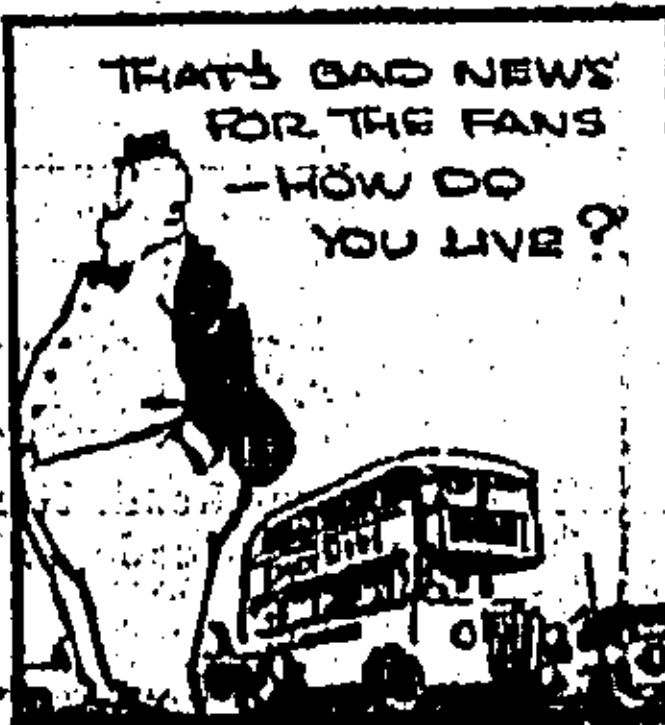
Proved successful in 97.3% of severe cases tested!

- Safe—no prescription needed
- Easy as water to apply
- Guaranteed to stop dandruff and itchy scalp when used regularly

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD



POP



Man of sound vision



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

COMETS HAVE THE HITTERS TO UPSET THE CHEYENNES

Seminole Record-Bound

By "TIME OUT"

League softball enters into its sixth week of competition when six games will be contested over the week-end. Spectator interest since the start of the season in mid-September has been encouraging and although this week's programme will not have the fans filling the stands to capacity since there are no big games down for decision, there should be a fair sprinkling of loyal supporters to give vocal encouragement to their own particular favourites.

One game only, a Junior League encounter between Sheridan Hamet's Comets and Robert Remedios' Cheyennes, will be played off this afternoon. After a spectacular early season start of two impressive victories Hamet's proteges met with a totally unexpected reversal at the hands of the PI Dodgers.

Today they will be all out to make amends for their poor showing last week and it would come as no surprise if they upset the cock, Cheyennes who have yet to appreciate the old saying that a ball game is never won until the last man has been retired. The Cheyennes, to use a very common expression, "foiled around" in their League game against the War Eagles on Monday last and if they do the same today they will pay dearly for underestimating the calibre of the opposition.

The Comets, if hurler John Goodair is in good form, are more than capable of upsetting the Cheyennes' apple-cart as this bunch of beginners can really boast of some heavy hitting and it Hamet's boys take an early lead they will be a hard team to beat.

Foolish Tactics

Reggie Hamet will stand by for relief hurling duties just in case the going gets rough for Goodair. On the other hand the Cheyennes, with a reputation to uphold, must take no chances. A repetition of such foolish tactics as having players trying out at strange positions may yet cause the downfall if they take it too easy against the Comets. Remedios' boys will take the field as favourites and should win this game after a bit of a fight but they will certainly not dictate terms to Sheridan Hamet.

Winless South China take on the Hongkong University in an early morning League game tomorrow. Inspired by their first victory of the season last week, the University boys enter into the thick of play with a lot of confidence and they should register victory No. 2 without much difficulty. The South China squad is made up of rookies and weak fielding accounts for their inability to break into the Win column. More and more infield practice is insisted on also they will end the season as holders of the wooden spoon. Simultaneously at the other end of the field, the "B" diamond will be the venue for much screaming and blushing as the ladies do battle in the only Ladies' game of the day. Mark Kwong's CAA girls had a very demoralising start in their first game of the season when they were trounced by the champion South China team. The Athletics meet a very keen softballing side in Onofre Souza's Hurricanes who have played only one game so far and won it with Terry Endrey in sparkling form and considering the hours of practice the Hurricanes have been devoting to improve their play the Hurricanes should take this game without too much trouble. The CAA girls will be trying hard for a possible upset victory although the outlook is not too bright.

Uncle Sam's Boys

The 11.30 a.m. game features the Senior League PI Dodgers versus the US Navy represented once again by the USS "Lone-wee". The Dodgers may be without the services of their ace fireballer Vic Pedraza in which case David Viera will be given the assignment on the mound. If so, the Navy are in with a chance as Viera has very little on the ball. The unmistakable character, win or loss, will characterize the presence on the field of Uncle Sam's boys who are apt to

make too many holding errors which automatically offset any advantage they have in possessing a heavier batting side.

If Pedraza starts for the Dodgers the Navy is not expected any chance to solve his deliveries and the Dodgers will run out easy victors.

Immediately following the luncheon break the red-hot Seminoles will be out in full force to administer a thrashing to the unfortunate War Eagles. The champions' calibre and well known to fans for me to spill further ink on the subject. Having already tied the Senior League Braves' 1950/51 record of 17 consecutive victories it is now only a matter of time before the Seminoles eventually

surpass the figure of 19 straight victories credited to the Junior League Blackhaws in the 1951/52 season.

The Final Game

The final game of the day sees Blimbi Aikawa's champion Saints tangle with Mark Kwong's CAA side in another Senior Division fixture. The Saints are unbeaten to date and a one-sided game is in the offing as the change are vastly superior to the CAA boys in both offense and defense. Kasa Nazarin on the mound for CAA will try to keep the score down to a reasonable figure but even his experienced shoulders will find the load too heavy to bear when the Saints bats go to work in earnest.

Newcastle "Punished"

—Do Extra Training

By JAMES CONNOLLY

London. Newcastle United first-teamers have paid the penalty for that home defeat by Preston. They were all ordered back for afternoon training at St James's Park every day the other week. When the players were called together in the dressing room, and their "punishment" announced, they were told that the directors felt they were not giving one hundred per cent effort.

There were no grumbles from the Newcastle boys. They took it on the chin. "It was tough," said one of them, "but we did play badly and we deserved to pay for it."

Johnnie Carey, the Blackburn Rovers manager, wants Tommy Johnston, Layton Orient's goal-scoring Scot.

But Orient refuse to part with centre forward Johnston, now cracking the goals and making the price in the Football League goal-scoring table from the inside left spot.

But Orient may still do business with Blackburn for goalkeeper Pat Welton. This season Orient have turned down offers for every first team forward. They could have cashed in for £20,000.

First Favourite

Will Manton, former England star now playing with

Cambridge United in the Eastern Counties League, is in for the Darlington player-manager ship — and is first favourite too.

"I'm 38, but full-time training would sharpen my game and then I could stand the pace of League Soccer again," he tells me.

Arrival of Manchester United's John Doherty at Ellerslie-street seems to have created the impression that Leicester were ready to transfer Arthur Rowley, their top scorer last season.

Dave Halliday, however, assures me that he isn't selling.

If Leicester change their minds you can expect a bid from Plymouth. Manager Jack Rowley would like his young brother to boost Argyle's promotion bid.

Chance of Stardom

Chance of stardom comes to 17-year-old Chris Parkinson because he is much taller than most boys of his age.

Manager Billy Walker was watching some youngsters kicking around on the Nottingham Forest car park when 6ft. 4in. Chris caught his eye.

The Forest boss liked the boy's style, signed him, and gave him an immediate game in his youth team at full back. —(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who did John L. Sullivan knock out to become the first gloved Heavyweight Champion of the world?
2. Which world record has recently been broken by the Russian athlete Vladimir Kutev?
3. When was the last time two Americans met in the final of the US Lawn Tennis Singles Championship? And who were they?
4. Who was the first woman to win three Olympic gold medals?
5. Who has bowled the highest number of balls in one innings of a Test match?
6. A former Oxford rugby player and South African Test cricketer has recently been elected Member of Parliament for East London. Name please?
7. With what sports do your associates (a) punting a ball, (b) flicking a ball, (c) cradling a ball?
8. How many times has Victor Barna won the World Singles Table Tennis Championship?
9. What are the surnames of these knights of sport: (a) Sir Donald, (b) Sir Leonard, (c) Sir Gordon?
10. For the first time since 1933 Britain has won the Anglo-American Ryder Cup golf contest. Who was the captain of the British team?

(Answers on Page 17)

Rugby Football Match On TV Today

The Rediffusion Television team will be at the Hongkong Football Club Stadium this afternoon to televise play during the Rugby Football Match between the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force (Island).

The television broadcast will commence at 3.30 and will last until approximately 4.15 p.m. The commentators will be Major T. A. V. Grimble and Bill Richardson.

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Today's Major Game Will Be Between Club "A" And 48 Brigade Club

By "PAK LO"

There are four games scheduled for this afternoon, two on the Island and two on the Mainland. On the Hongkong side at the Club ground at 3.00 p.m. the Navy again by no means at full strength face the RAF Island, while following this game at 4.15 p.m. Club "A" clash with 48 Brigade.

On the other side of the harbour at 3.00 p.m. on the Army ground in Boundary Street the Police take on Garrison and later in the afternoon at 4.15 p.m. the Club "B" will be out to try and humble RAF Mainland.

The latter will definitely be playing despite rumours to the contrary.

Before going on to this afternoon's games the Free-Christmas Tournament Table, which was not printed last Monday due to lack of space should be of interest.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
48 Brig.	3	3	0	0	35	11	6
Navy	3	3	0	0	35	11	6
Garrison	3	3	0	0	35	11	6
Club "A"	3	2	0	1	23	19	4
RAF Is.	3	1	0	2	33	29	2
Police	3	1	0	2	16	18	2
Club "B"	3	0	0	3	8	39	0
RAF Main	2	0	0	2	0	57	0

As can be seen from the above the Table is still very much in a state of flux, and today's major game will obviously be that between the Club "A" side and the 48 Brigade. Club "A" have made no changes in their XV from last week, and after their comfortable defeat of RAF Island last week should do well against the 48 Brigade. Both teams have played RAF Island and both have won, Club by 15 points to 6 points and 48 Brigade by 14 points to 11 points. The Club with their strong and forward pack should get the better of the forward play, and if the Club throes tighten up their passing they should win over the 48 Brigade.

Narrow Margin

The Navy has fast and hard going three but their passing is poor while the Airman can move their three line very smoothly when they get the ball. Today I think that the Airman will get enough of the ball to win, but again it will be by a narrow margin.

On the other side the Police face the strong Garrison team. With Haywood and Lord as the wings and Goulds and Newbury as the centres the Garrison has one of the strongest three lines playing at the moment.

They also have a good strong pack, which should take the lion's share of the ball from the Police. The Police still and badly, as they are the first to admit, in need of training, and though they have what may turn out to be a good three line after a few more games, the backs all need practice together.

SOME RECOVERY

Fancy being 1-2 down with thirteen minutes to go, and then win! That was Haslemere's experience in a Cup tie against Shottersmill. Haslemere, off-play, suddenly came to life and scored six goals in those closing stages, thirteen minutes to go.

The Last Game

The last game between RAF Mainland and Club "B" is a complete toss up. Club "B" have a fairly strong pack, but the three are still weak on passing. Not only is their passing itself not all it could be but the three are too keen to score on their own. In their wings are fed steadily they should do quite well.

The Airman haven't played for three weeks, and did not shine in their outing, so that they do not appear to have much of a hope. On the whole the Club "B" look the more likely of the two teams to break their duck, though, not by a large margin.

TEAMS

Club "A": O'Kelly, Cooke, Chedon, Ellis, Inglis, Dawson, Steward, Shotton, Roberts, Widdie, Carpenter, Rose, Gault, Wright, Kikiba.

Club "B": Kirkwood, MacCallum, Stone, Summers, Lee, D'Amico, Tappin, How, D'Amico, Moore, Farmer, Berger, Armstrong, Wright, New, King.

Police: Johnston, McIlven, Scott, Brown, Bryan, Walsh, Miller.

RAF: Freeman, Robinson, Davies, Brown, MacCallum, Allen, Fraser, Blake, Gray, MacCallum.

RAF Island: Gilliland, Clark, Ellis, Cornhill, Ross, L. Brown, MacCallum, Davies, Allen, Fraser, Blake, Gray, MacCallum.

Garrison: Graham, Halliday, Newbury, Goulds, Haywood, Lord, Brown, MacCallum, Davies, Allen, Fraser, Blake, Gray, MacCallum.

48 Brigade: Graham, Halliday, Newbury, Goulds, Haywood, Lord, Brown, MacCallum, Davies, Allen, Fraser, Blake, Gray, MacCallum.

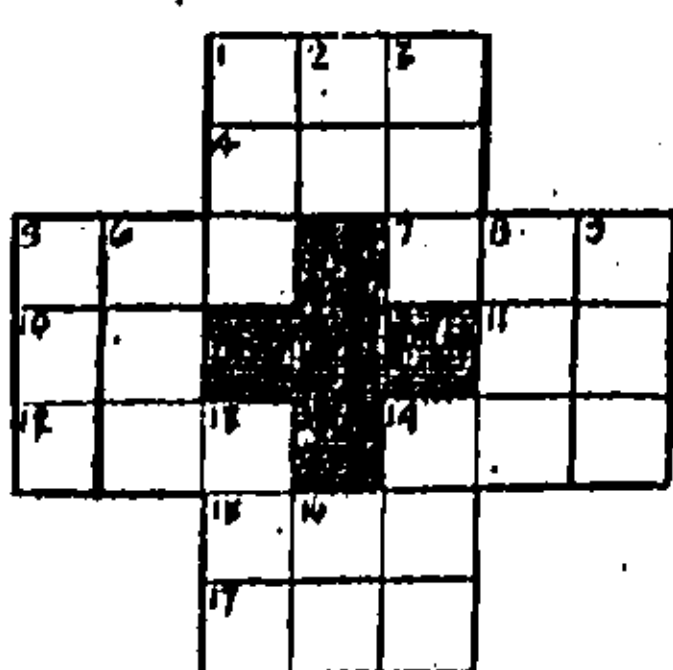
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

The Puzzlemaster's varieties:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Borrowful
4. Fish
5. Light touch
7. Fisherman's apparatus
10. Correlative of either
11. Thus
12. Number
14. Honey-mixer
15. Age
17. Moist

DOWN

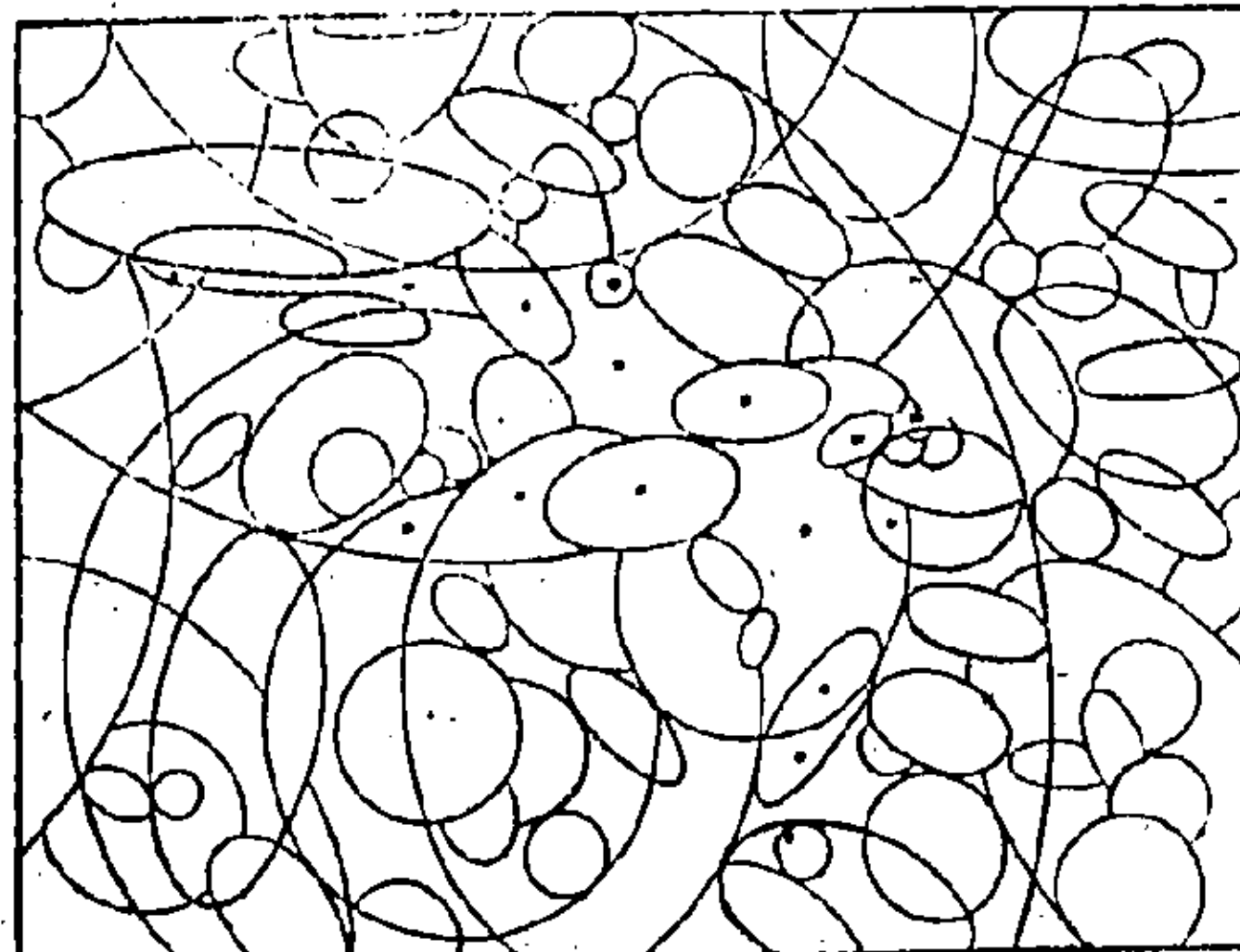
1. Perch
2. Field notice in a newspaper
3. Boat's home
6. Cooking utensil
8. Exist
9. Carapace, point
13. Recent
14. Baseball stick
16. Musical note

WORD CHAIN

Can you change WHITE to BLACK in seven moves, changing only one letter at a time, and being sure you have a good word each time? If you have trouble, the Puzzlemaster says try changing W to R; W to T; T to C; E to K; I to A; T to B; and R to L.

SOUND ALIKES

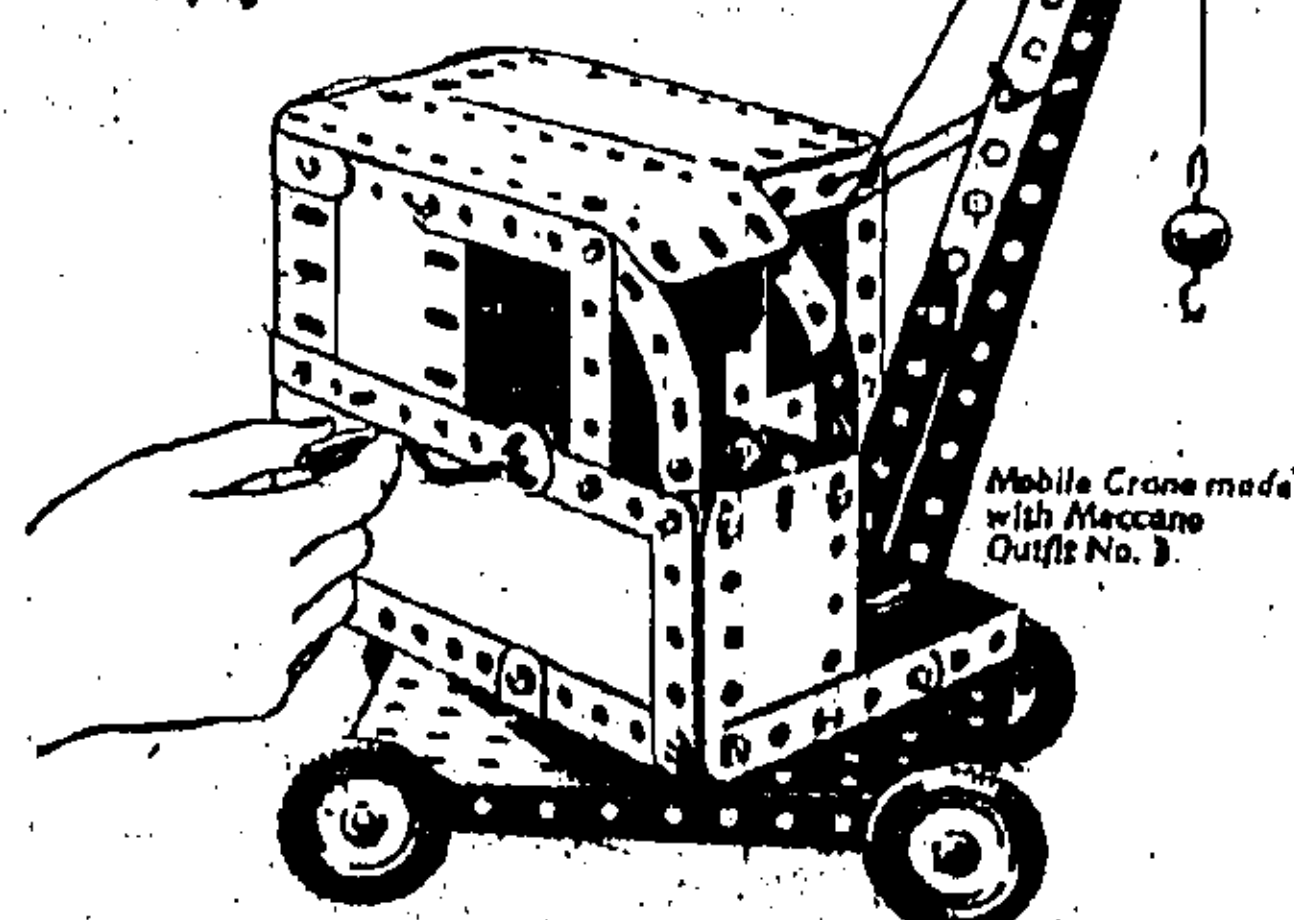
The Puzzlemaster says his missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you fill in the missing words and complete his sentence. The Monarch began his—on a day heavy with—



The lines in this diagram conceal a silhouette of something you all know. Can you see what it is? If not, black in with a pencil all those shapes that contain a dot.

Bob's mobile crane was built with a No. 3 outfit . . .

Young Robert loves cranes and he gets endless pleasure building them in Meccano, along with scores of other fine working models. His No. 3 Meccano is a "middle size" outfit, and he hopes it will become a No. 4 on his birthday when he gets a No. 3 accessory outfit. That will mean more elaborate model. The interchangeable metal parts of Meccano make it the most fascinating of all hobbies for boys of every age.



MECCANO

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LIMITED, 100, 102, 104, LIVERPOOL 14

A MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED—

Jungle Swallowed A Giant Capital

FOR OVER 500 years it stood there in its ruined magnificence, hidden from civilization, known and inhabited only by nature, untouched by the hand of man. Angkor, once the largest capital city of the world, slept like a giant shorn of his mighty power. It was only by accident that this city in French Indo-China was discovered. A Frenchman stumbled upon it in 1861 while he was hunting for rare butterflies.

This naturalist, Henri Mouhot, pushing through an almost impenetrable forest jungle, suddenly saw before him a stone temple with five carved towers 250 feet high. Was this true, or was he dreaming?

He ventured near. The wild foliage washed in part out of the carved doors and windows and across the terraces. Monkeys, panthers, bats and birds were the only inhabitants.

This was the Angkor Vat, the magnificent temple where worshippers had come to pay homage to Brahma, later to Buddha. The ancient city of Angkor surrounding it was once inhabited in 1350 by 2,000,000 people, called Khmers.

Returning to France, Mouhot told of his discovery before he became a victim of jungle fever. The French government doubted his story but finally



An adventurer inspects the ruins of Angkor Vat, seemingly held up by giant tree roots.

sent out explorers, who verified it.

It was true. Here was a city, besides the temple were palaces, libraries, monuments and homes—still standing. Gazing in amazement, the explorers asked why this once thriving metropolis was deserted and a hidden mystery for so many centuries?

The temple is about the size of a city block. Built with wide terraces, it has a huge tower topping the centre of the structure and a lower on each corner.

The stone balustrades are made in the form of a cobra with seven heads. This snake was considered sacred by those people.

Every stone in the building is carved in intricate designs and images. Inside, one sees walls carved with images of kings, cobras, and dancers—all real works of art that retain their

beauty, regardless of time and the elements.

The city is protected by a stone wall 60 feet high. There are five victory gates in this wall, each with a god-head facing the four points of the compass.

Approaching one gate on each side of the wall are 54 giant statues, eight feet high, supporting a huge stone cobra with its seven heads.

In the pavements can be seen the ruins made by the chariots long ago.

It is no wonder the guides are proud to show the tourists the marvels of a lost city. If you ask who built the temple, they answer, "The gods."

But we know that the architect who planned it must have been a man of a great and artistic mind. So were the artists who decorated it with the beautiful carvings and paintings.

And think of the thousands of slaves who cut the stones, carried them from the quarries and set them in place, without the mechanical implements that

we have today for building. It took years of patient toil.

Why was this city deserted and left to the jungle and the wild animals? That is still a mystery. No one can give a definite answer.

Some think a plague may have obliterated the inhabitants. Others think an enemy carried them off to another country.

Still another version is that the slaves tired of their lot, killed their masters and families. And that in time the slaves, without a master or leader, turned their backs on the city of their labours and wandered into the jungle to live an easier and more primitive life.

What a story these statues could tell of the long gone inhabitants. If they could talk, they could reveal the mystery of the lost city and the magnificent temple of Angkor Vat.

—By C. Brunson

This Is True

NOW-FAMOUS NEWSBOY MET SUCCESS ON A TRAIN

IT WAS IN the summer of 1862 that a boy in his early teens appeared at a Detroit building bearing the sign FREE PRESS.

He entered and timidly walked up to an office marked "Editorial."

"I want to see the editor," he told the young man who answered his knock.

"He's busy," was the reply.

"But I have important business with him," the visitor insisted.

Something about the newcomer caused the doorkeeper to heed his words. He disappeared in the room and after a short stay was back.

"The editor will see you now," he said, as he held open the door for the boy to enter.

Two men were seated at a table, and without waiting for them to rise, he explained his mission.

"I am Tom Edison," he began. "I live in Port Huron, and I sell newspapers, candy, and other things on the train between home and Detroit. I publish on the train a newspaper called the Weekly Herald. I have been printing three hundred copies, but I could sell a thousand, if I could get a paper on which to print them."

"You want us to supply you?" one of the men asked.

"Yes sir, and I will pay you as soon as I sell them."

"Come on, let's let him have the stuff," he urged. "At least he's trying to do something, and boys of that kind ought to be encouraged. If he fails to pay, I'll pay myself."

So they let him have the paper. Young Tom secured the aid of another boy, and the two lugged the material to the train.

On the train Tom had a second-hand press and some type, and with these he had been printing his paper. He had thus become the reporter, pressman, editor, publisher, and newsdealer of the first newspaper in the world that was printed on a train while it was in motion. Tom sold copies for three cents each, or more, jumping off at each stopping place and selling his papers while the train waited for passengers to get on.

But he realized that if his sales were to increase greatly he would have to hurry all the harder. He persuaded the telegraph operator at Huron to wire ahead to the other stations the headlines of his most interesting news stories. These headlines were posted on bulletin boards so that people could see them. This made them eager to buy, when Tom did arrive. His copy was printed, 1,000 copies and waited to see how he would come out with his venture.

At Huron, the copy first edition, he saw a crowd waiting for him. Instead of merely selling two papers, as he had

usually done there, he sold 35.

It was that way all along the line. At one place he jumped from the train when it stopped at a tank to take water and ran a quarter of a mile to the main station with his arms full of papers. He sold all of them. When his trip was ended he had sold every copy of his paper, and he had made more money than he had ever made before.

He promptly paid his friends at the FREE PRESS for the supplies they had sold him on credit, and because of his promptness he had no trouble getting credit later when he wanted it.

In time he became one of the world's greatest inventors and scientists. It was he who gave us the photograph, the electric light, and many other useful inventions. Feb. 11 is known as Edison Day, in commemoration of his birth date.

He laid the basis for his successes while he was a newsboy on a train. "I learned a valuable lesson on that train," he is said to have told a friend, "for I learned that success awaits him who plans ahead and works hard to make his plans come true."

—J. A. RICKARD

MAKE YOUR OWN PUPPET THEATRE

YOU CAN make these puppets and theatre for yourself.

Draw a face on a wooden ice cream spoon.

Then cut out a two-inch square of coloured cloth or crepe paper for the hair. Fold in half. Cut narrow, slits to 1/4 inch of the fold. Glue around the head. Cut the hair short if this is a boy puppet.

Slip the end of the spoon, with a bit of glue on it, into a marshmallow. Twist a pipe cleaner around the top of the body for the arms. Turn the ends to look like hands. Push a pencil, with a bit of glue at the point, into the back of the marshmallow.

Now you are ready to dress your puppet. Fold a blouse, cut out a semicircle at the fold and slip it over the head. You cut the sleeves to fit the puppet. Tape, folded on the inside, will hold the seams together.

A strip of tape around the waist will hold a skirt or trousers in place. Be sure they are long enough to cover the marshmallow.

Now for the stage. Set the bottom half of a shoe box on the long side with the opening facing you.

Cut out a slit 1/2 inch high across the bottom of the back; this enables you to move your puppets across the stage.

Cut out three sides of a door at the side back. It will swing open to let the puppets on and off stage.

Slit the top at the back. There you can slip in any scene you draw to size. Hold in place with tape at the top. Now you need a theatre front. Cut off the long side of a suit box bottom. Set the box top to stand up on the long side. Slip it under the front edge of the bottom box. Staple at the corners and tape in place.

Cut the far end of the bottom box at the corners. Fold down the flap on the table you will use to give the show. Tack or tape to the table.

Now trace the stage box (the shoe box) opening on the front. Crayon small curtains one inch inside the traced opening. Cut out the stage opening.

Tape the stage in place behind the opening. Decide on a name for your theatre. Put it over the stage.

Tack wrapping paper around the bottom of the table. Keep your head behind the theatre front when you are working your puppets.

—By Ann Muri

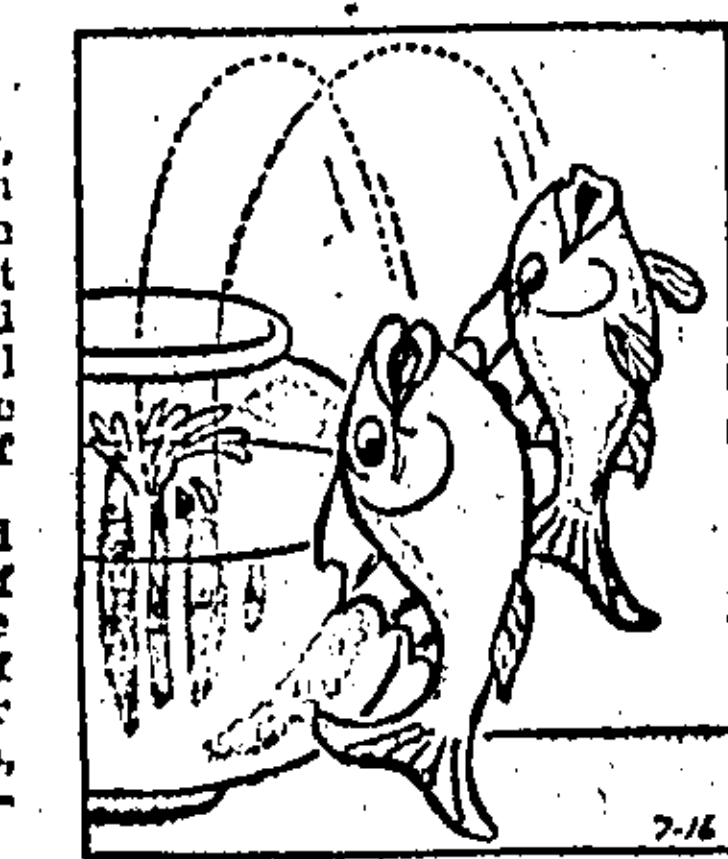
The Walking Goldfish

—Strange Doings On Bookland Boulevard—

By MAX TRELL

Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hlawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy, and Knarf, the Shadow with the turned-about name, walked down Bookland Boulevard. This is a delightful street which runs behind the bookshelves from one end of the world to the other.

On both sides of Bookland Boulevard were the houses of all the famous Book People such as Jim Hawkins of Treasure Island, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, Simple Simon, Mother Goose, Alice of Wonderland and Baron Munch.



Out came the goldfish, slipping and flopping.

Extraordinary House

Baron Munch lived in an extra-ordinary house. It had round windows like eyes, a door like a mouth and chimneys like ears.

"Let's go in and see the Baron," said Knarf to his two friends.

"That's a good idea," said Teddy. "May be he'll tell us the story of one of his adventures."

But Hlawatha grunted gloomily and said: "Him always tell lies. Never believe stories Baron Munch tell."

"Oh that's all right," said Knarf, as he rang the door bell. "Even if Baron Munch's stories aren't true, they always lots of fun to listen to."

Just then the door opened and Baron Munch smilingly invited them inside. He was dressed in a brown hunting jacket, tall boots and a feathered cap. He was smoking a long pipe.

Walking Goldfish

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I was about to take my goldfish for a walk."

Knarf and Teddy looked at Baron Munch in astonishment. Hlawatha, however, merely grunted and said under his breath: "That big lio. Goldfish can't walk."

By this time, the three friends were inside Baron Munch's house. He invited them all to sit down and have something to eat.

"Here," he said, "is a pitcher of moonbeam milk with snow cakes."

Knarf was about to ask Baron Munch to explain what he meant by moonbeam milk and snow cakes when Hlawatha

interrupted and said in a loud voice to the Baron: "Is big lie!"

"What lie?" asked Baron Munch, offering Hlawatha a second glass of moonbeam milk.

"That story you say about taking goldfish for a walk," said Hlawatha.

"Major fellow," said the Baron, "I know it sounds remarkable but I really was about to take my goldfish out for a walk."

"I have been training them for several years to come out of the water. At first they were only able to stay out for a second or two but little by little, they learned how to stay outside for a longer period."

"Big lie," Hlawatha repeated. "Baron Munch merely smiled. He turned to Knarf and Teddy.

"Hlawatha doesn't believe me," he said, "about my walking goldfish. But I hope you do."

"Oh yes," said Teddy, "I believe anything you say, Baron Munch."

"So do I," said Knarf, "only I'd believe you more about those walking goldfish if I could see them walk."

"You mean right now?" said the Baron.

Knarf and Teddy and even Hlawatha nodded their heads. "Yes, right now," said Baron Munch.

"Very well," said Baron Munch. "The fish are in the aquarium right by the window. I'll take them out for a walk right now."

Little Collars

And this is what happened. Baron Munch went over to the aquarium and whistled. Out came the two goldfish, slipping and flopping through the air like bright red birds. Then the Baron carefully put little collars around them with straps attached.

"Good-bye," he said to Knarf, Teddy and Hlawatha. "I'll see you later when I come back from our walk."

And away he went with the two goldfish, bounding after them waving their golden fins.

Knarf, Teddy and Hlawatha walked home in silence. All the way down Bookland Boulevard, the only one who spoke was Hlawatha.

"Big lie," he kept saying. "They weren't goldfish at all. They were rubber fish. Baron Munch fool us all."

But Knarf and Teddy weren't sure that Hlawatha was right.

Rupert and Rusty—11



Before Rupert can think over Rusty's strange discovery the two friends are startled to hear a crackling of twigs as somebody comes through the forest wood, and they dart into the bushes just in time to avoid being seen by a dark figure who sniffs the air.

For some minutes they hardly dare to breathe. Then as all is silent, they push on gently through the bushes, wriggle through a hedge, and now Rusty needs no second bidding to lead the way home.

"Where, that was a near shave!" he gasps.

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LOOKS WHO



THOUGH SOMEWHAT DOGLIKE IN APPEARANCE HYENAS DO NOT BELONG TO DOG TRIBE. THEY ARE INTERMEDIATE BETWEEN DOGS AND CATS AND ACTUALLY ARE INCLUDED IN THE CAT FAMILY.

THE LOCUST IS AN IMPORTANT FOOD IN SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD. NOTABLY CHINA, ARABIA AND THE PHILIPPINES. ONCE COMMON IN THE UNITED STATES THE LAST SMALL FLOCK OF CAROLINA PARAKEETS WAS SEEN IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES IN 1934.

